Ye Women's Singing-Book.

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Ruth Hart Chapter.

Ye Women's Singing Book

for ye use of

Ye Daughters and Dames

of ye

PATRIOTIC HISTORIC SOCIETIES

of ye

United States of America.

—oo—

Compiled and Arranged by

THOMAS G. SHEPARD.

—oo—

NEW HAVEN, CONN.:
Published by Thomas G. Shepard.
1899.

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The Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor Press,
New Haven, Conn.

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IMPORTANT MENTION.

—oo—

The purpose of this book is to present the old and familiar patriotic songs, arranged effectively for women's voices, rather than to add to the list by the introduction of some that are less familiar.

All the songs have a piano accompaniment, and, when this is employed, any number of vocal parts, either less or more, will be sufficiently effective; but each song is written with four complete vocal parts, so that it may be sung without accompaniment if desired.

Care has been taken to avoid extreme compass of the voices, the First Soprano not going higher than F sharp, and the Second Alto rarely going below G. In cases where the latter goes lower the low notes can be easily omitted provided there is an accompaniment.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Sherwood Stratton Thompson for suggesting the preparation of such a book; to Mrs. Lydia Bolles Newcomb for the use of some old and admired songs; and to both for valuable suggestions.

The Editor.

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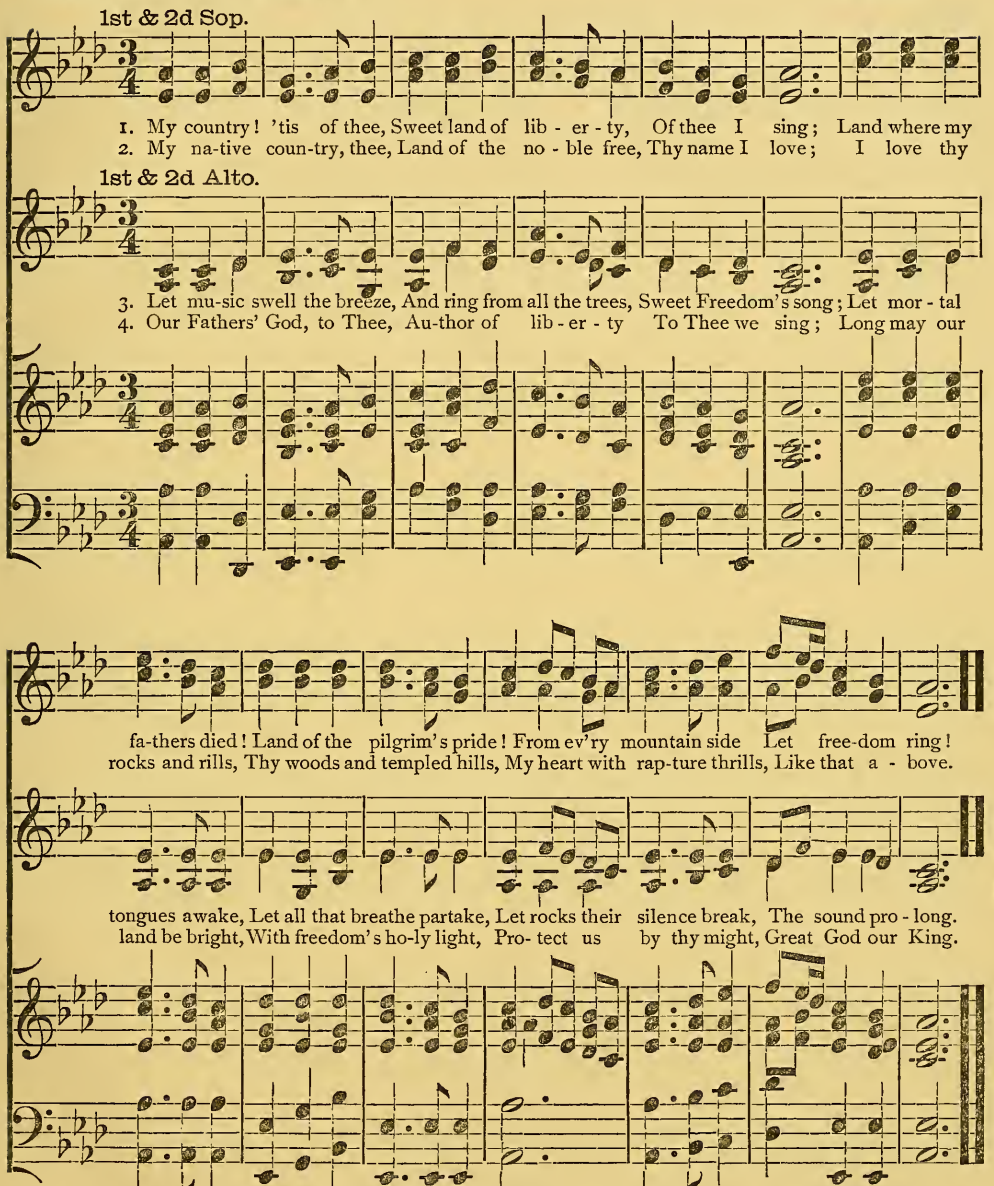
YE WOMEN'S SINGING BOOK.

AMERICA.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D. D. Dr. BULL.

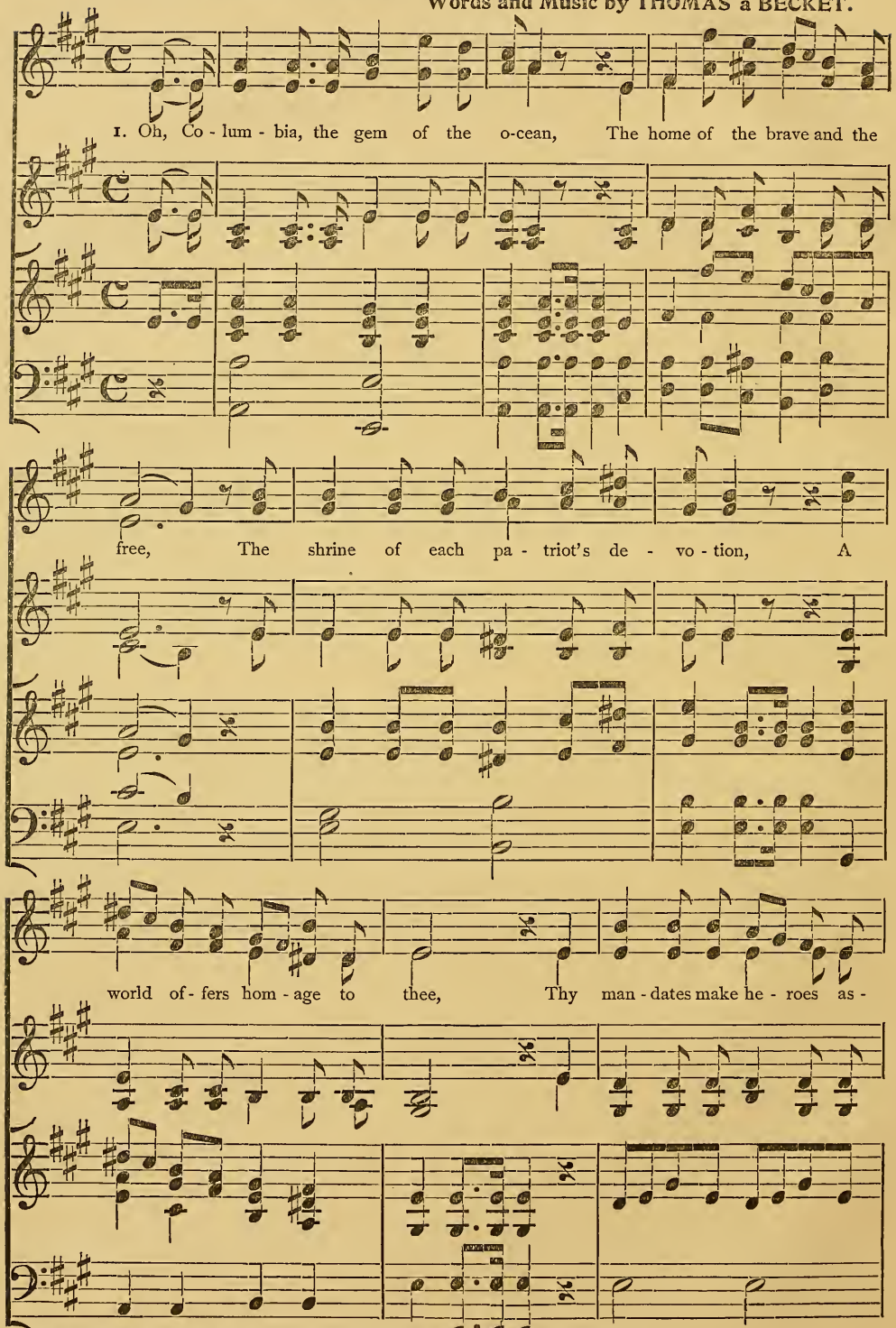


The words of "My country, 'tis of thee;" were composed by Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., who was born in Boston, October 21, 1808, and was subsequently pastor of the First Baptist Church in Newton, Mass. Dr. Smith says he wrote them during his student life at Andover in the winter of 1831-2. It was first sung in public at a Sunday-school celebration in the Park Street Church, Boston, July 4th, 1832.

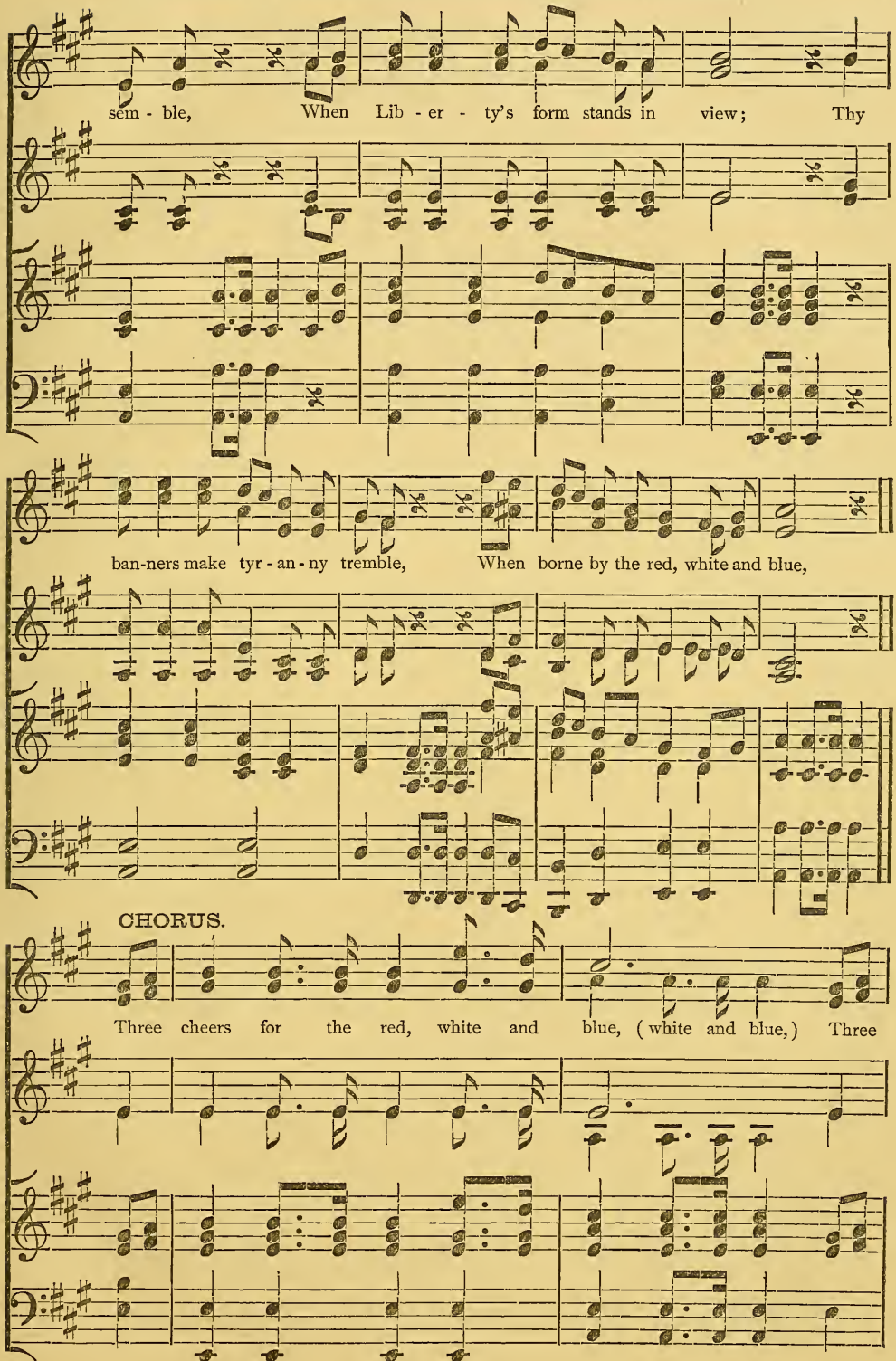
The music which Dr. Smith selected as the medium of his words and to which he wrote them, was composed by Dr. Bull, a famous composer in England during the reign of James I.

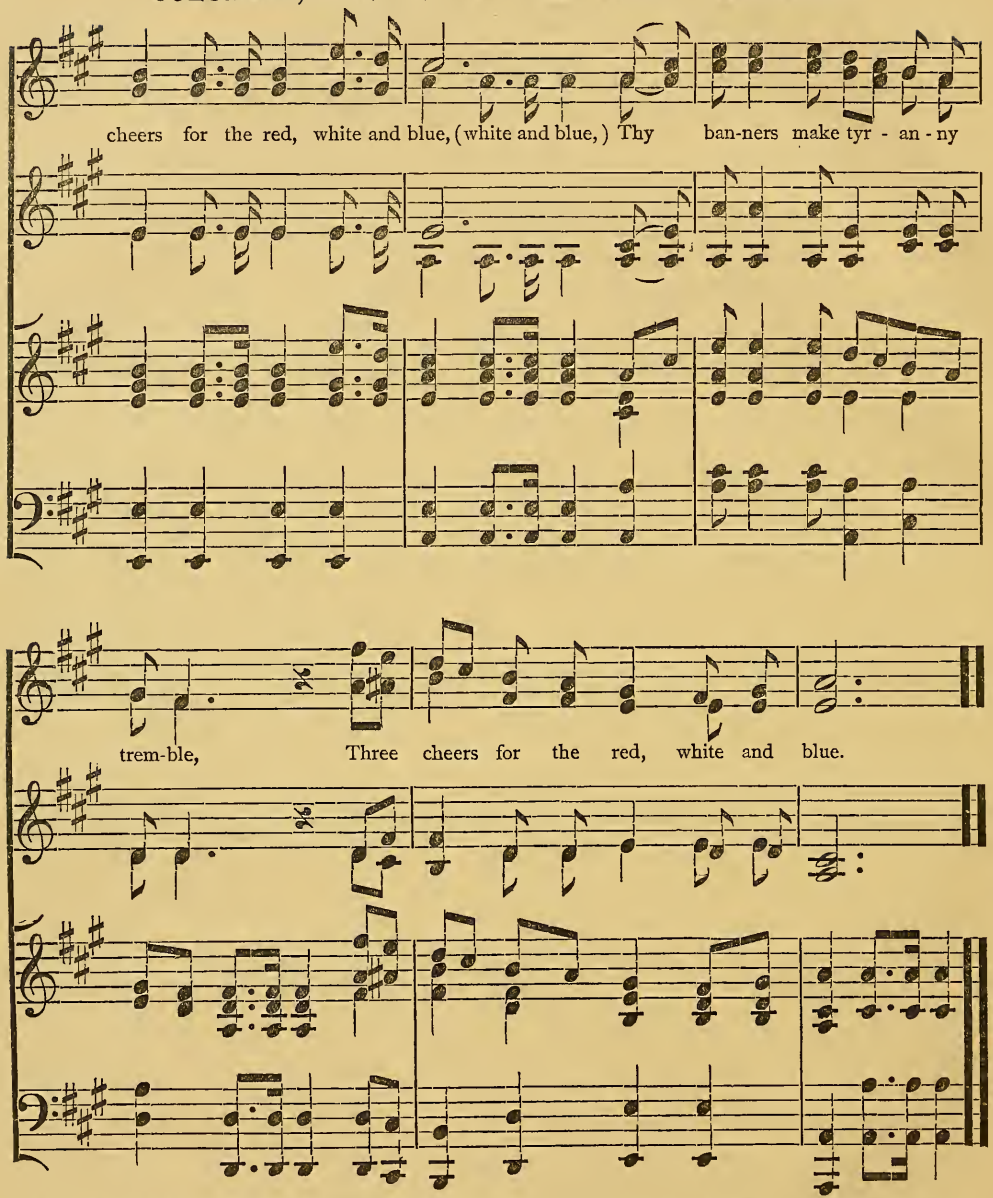
COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

Words and Music by THOMAS à BECKET.



This song was written by Mr. à Becket in 1843, for D. T. Shaw who sang it at his concerts.


sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy
ban-ners make tyr - an - ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue,
CHORUS.
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, (white and blue,) Three



2 When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm:
With her garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

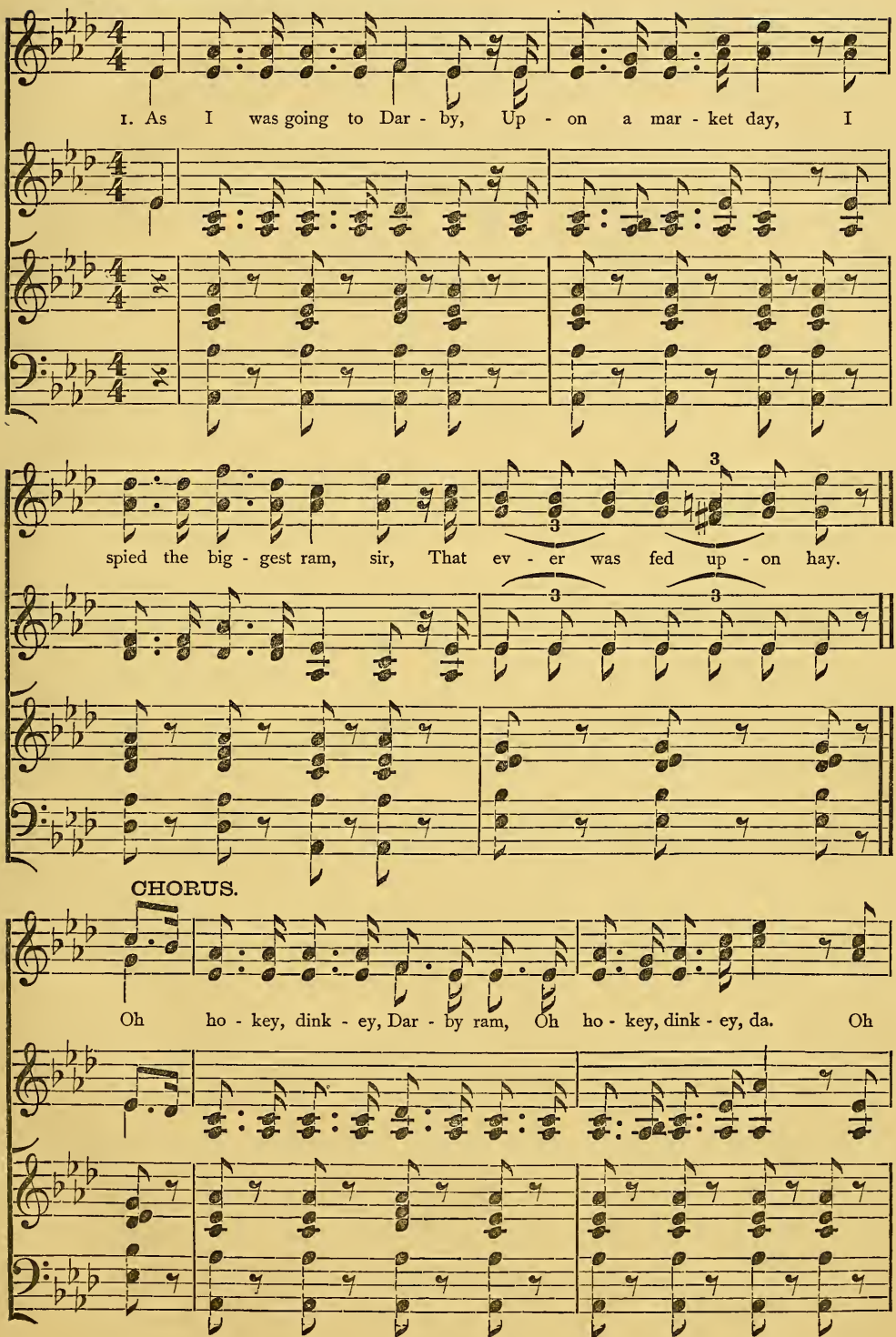
3 "Old Glory" to greet, now come hither,
With eyes full of love to the brim,
May the wreaths of our heroes ne'er wither,
Nor a star of our banner grow dim,
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to our colors prove true,
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

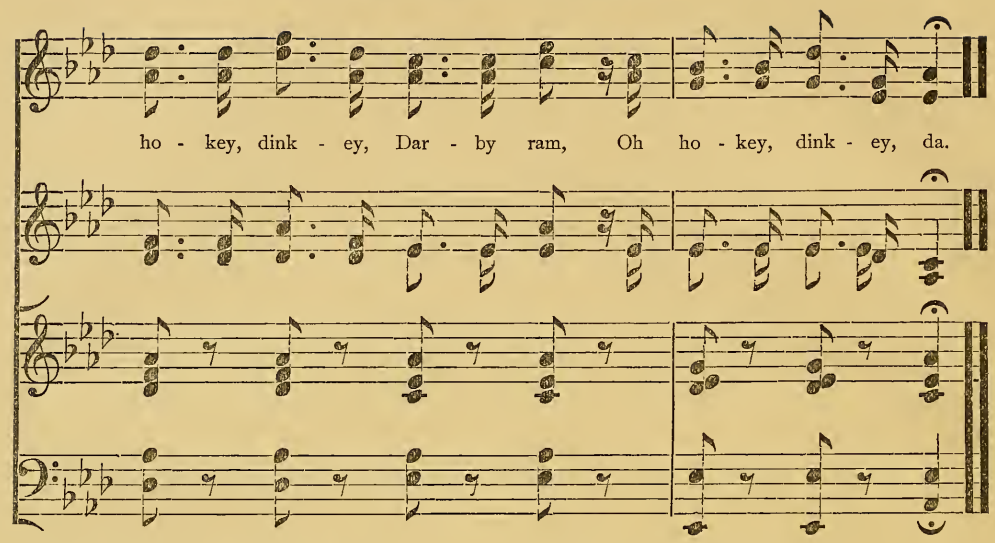
CHORUS.

Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

DARBY RAM.

Sung by GEORGE WASHINGTON.





2 He had four feet to walk, sir,
He had four feet to stand,
And every foot he had, sir,
Covered an acre of land.

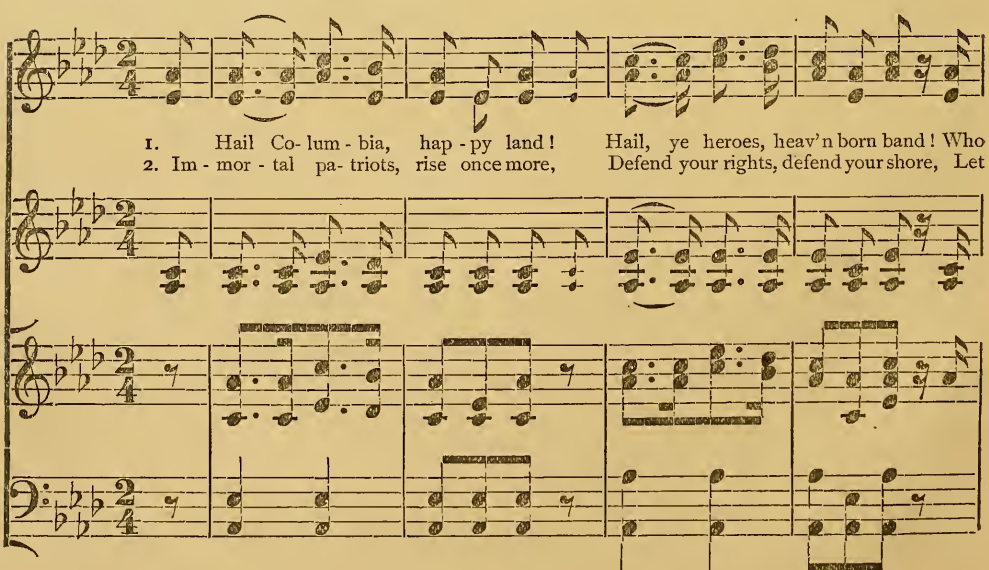
3 The wool upon his back, sir,
It reachèd to the sky,
And eagles built their nests there,
For I heard the young ones cry.

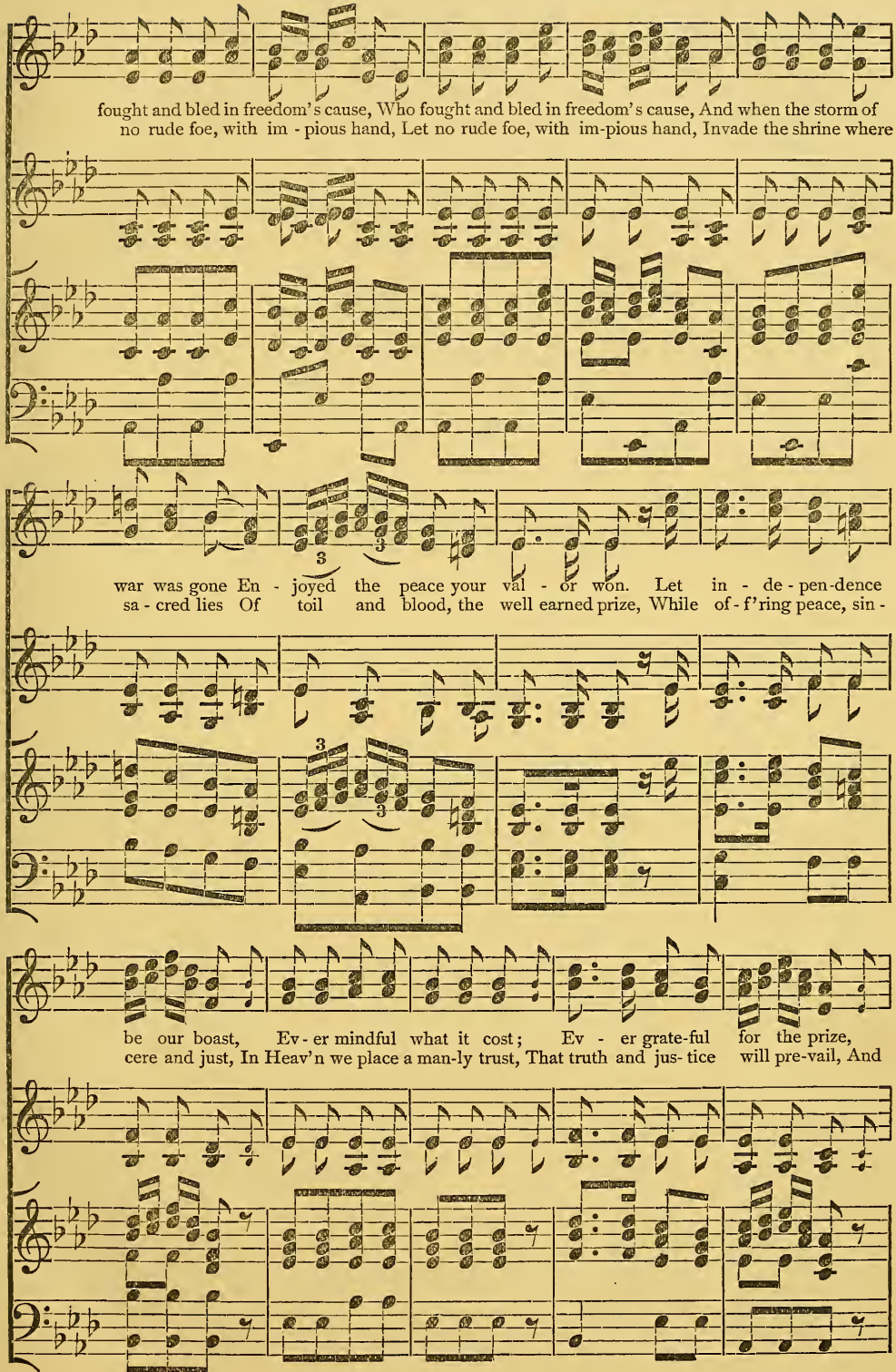
4 The wool upon his tail, sir,
I heard the weaver say,
It made three thousand yards of cloth,
For he wove it in a day.

5 The butcher who cut his throat, sir,
Was drownèd in the blood,
The little boy who held the bowl,
Was carried away by the flood.

HAIL! COLUMBIA.

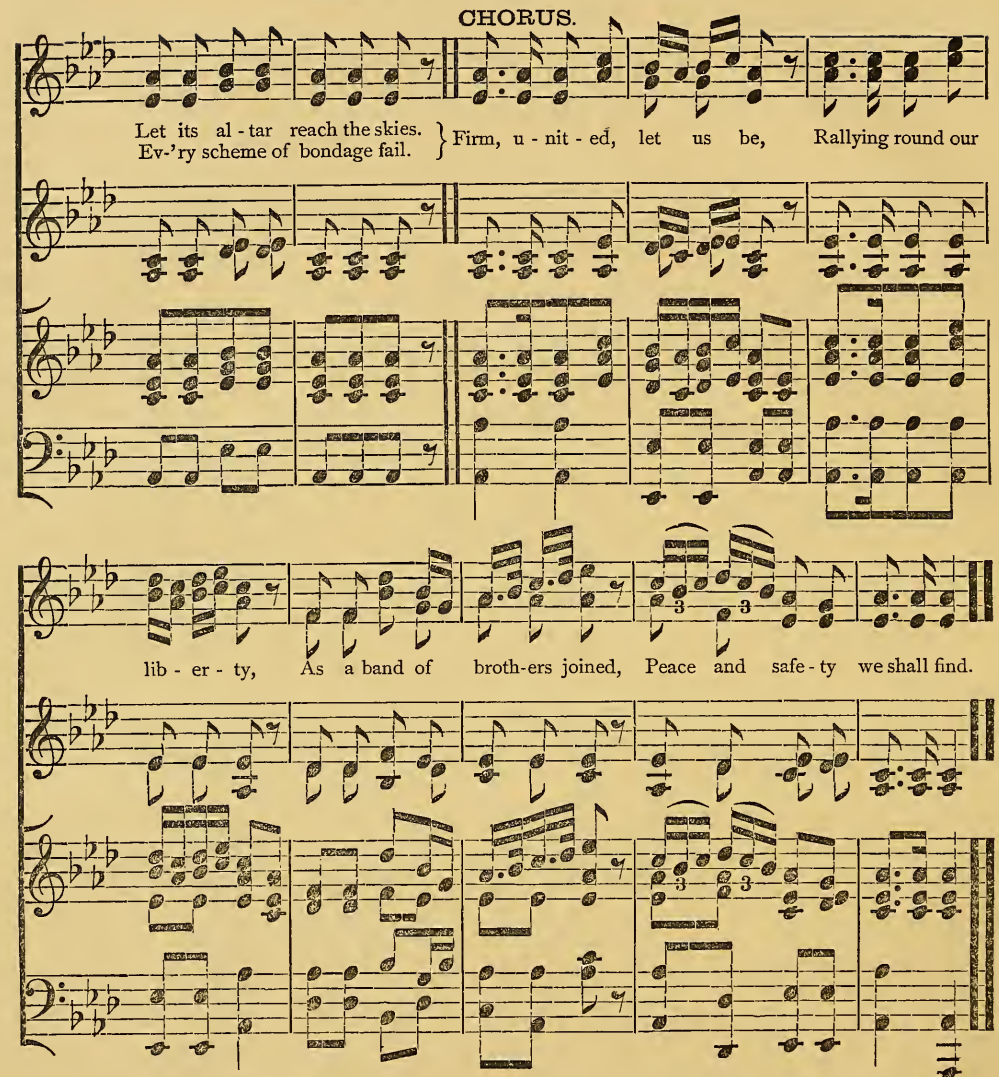
JOSEPH HOPKINSON, 1770-1842. PHYLA.




fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of
no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im-pious hand, Invade the shrine where
war was gone En - joyed the peace your val - or won. Let in - de - pen-dence
sa - cred lies Of toil and blood, the well earned prize, While of - f'ring peace, sin -
be our boast, Ev - er mindful what it cost; Ev - er grate-ful for the prize,
cere and just, In Heav'n we place a man-ly trust, That truth and jus- tice will pre-vail, And

HAIL! COLUMBIA.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



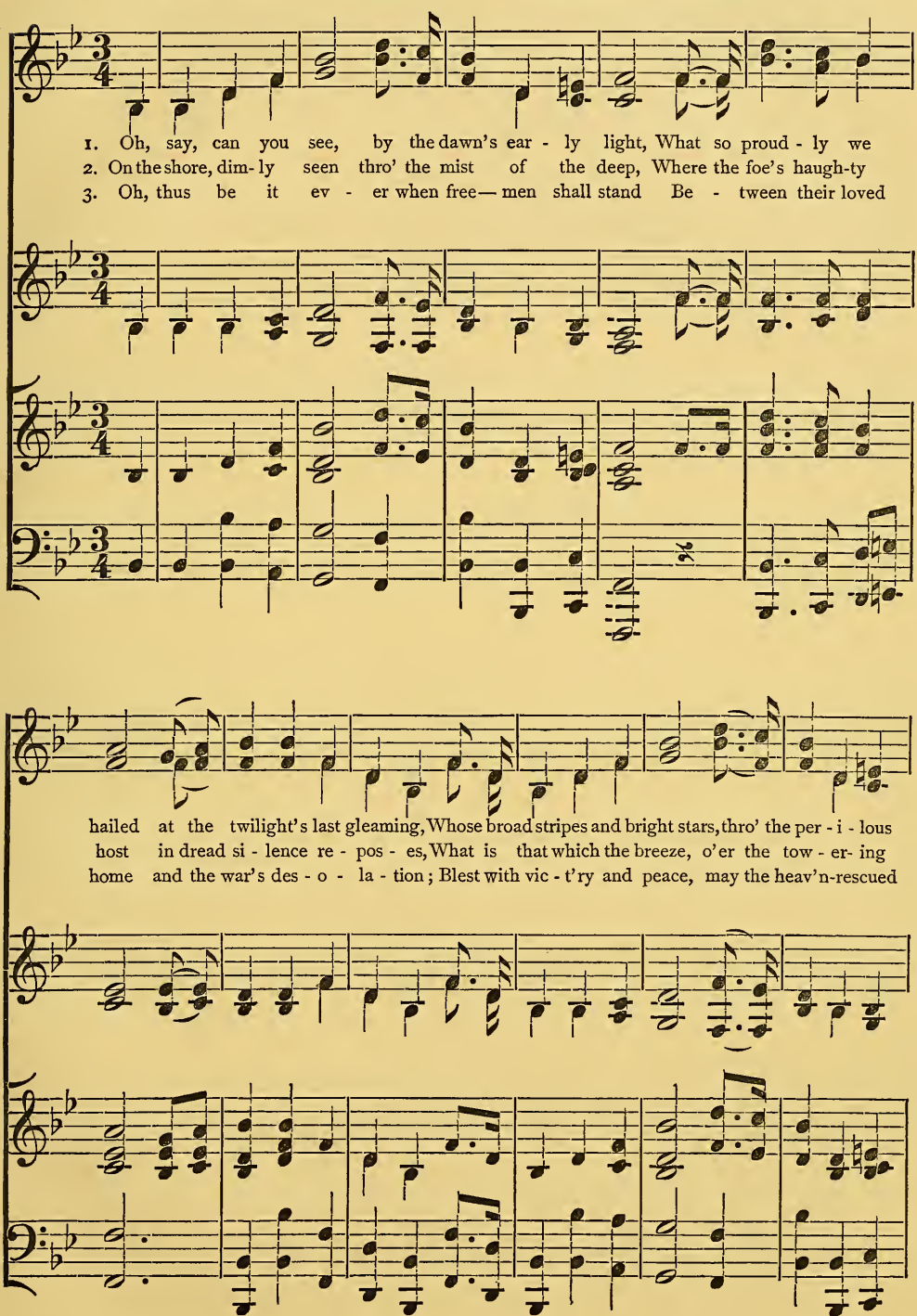
3 Sound, sound the trump of fame,
Let Washington's great name,
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime, to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.

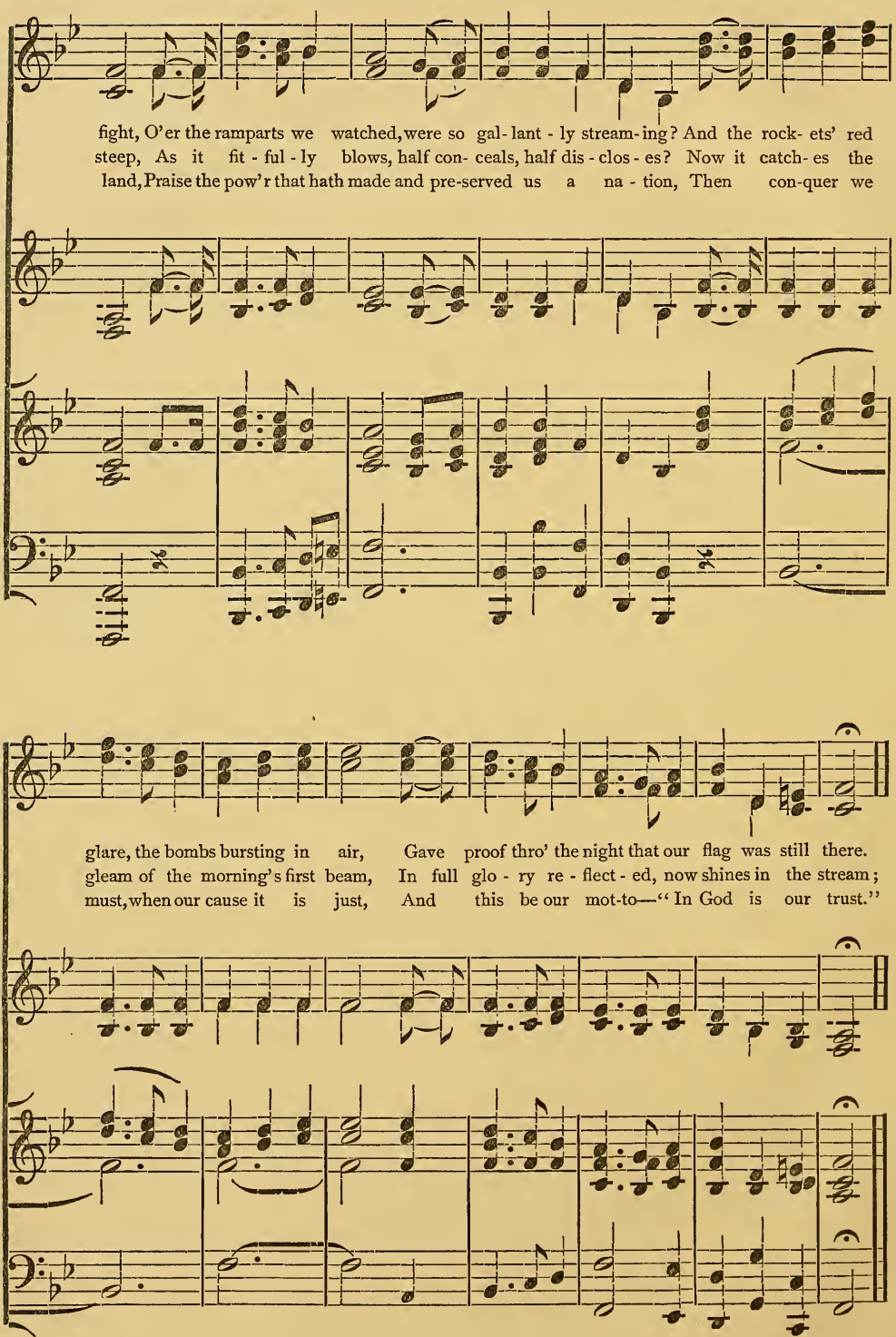
4 Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.—CHO.

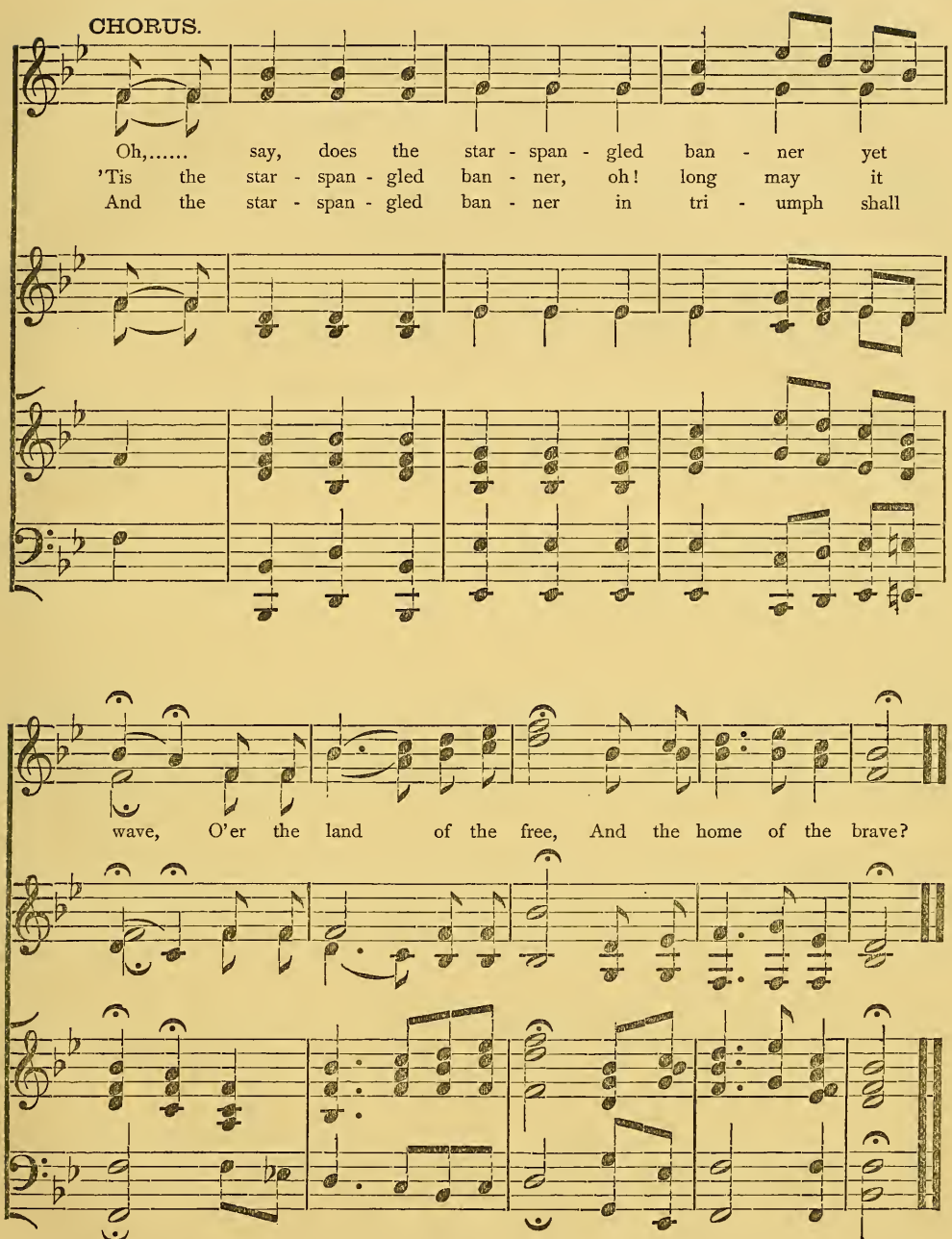
The music to which the words of "Hail, Columbia" were written, was composed by Prof. Phyla, (Fayles) a composer, and probably leader of the orchestra at the old John St. theatre in New York. It was originally called "General Washington's March," and was first played at his inauguration in New York in 1789. It was later called "The President's March." The words were written by Judge Hopkinson of Philadelphia, in 1798, and under the following circumstances. At that time a war with France was seriously threatened and there was an intense party-spirit among all classes. A young man, who was something of a singer, had announced a benefit at a theatre in Philadelphia; but finding that it did not promise success, he conceived the idea of interesting the public with a new patriotic song. Being acquainted with Judge Hopkinson, he went to him urging that he should assist him by writing such a song. Consent was given, and as the March above mentioned was very popular at that time it was decided to write it to that. Completed, it was announced on Monday morning, and in the evening the theatre was filled to excess and continued to be filled at every performance during that season. The song was loudly encored, was repeated many times each evening, was enthusiastically sung by crowds on the streets including members of Congress, and was universally admired.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCES SCOTT KEY, 1779-1843. SAMUEL ARNOLD, 1740-1802.



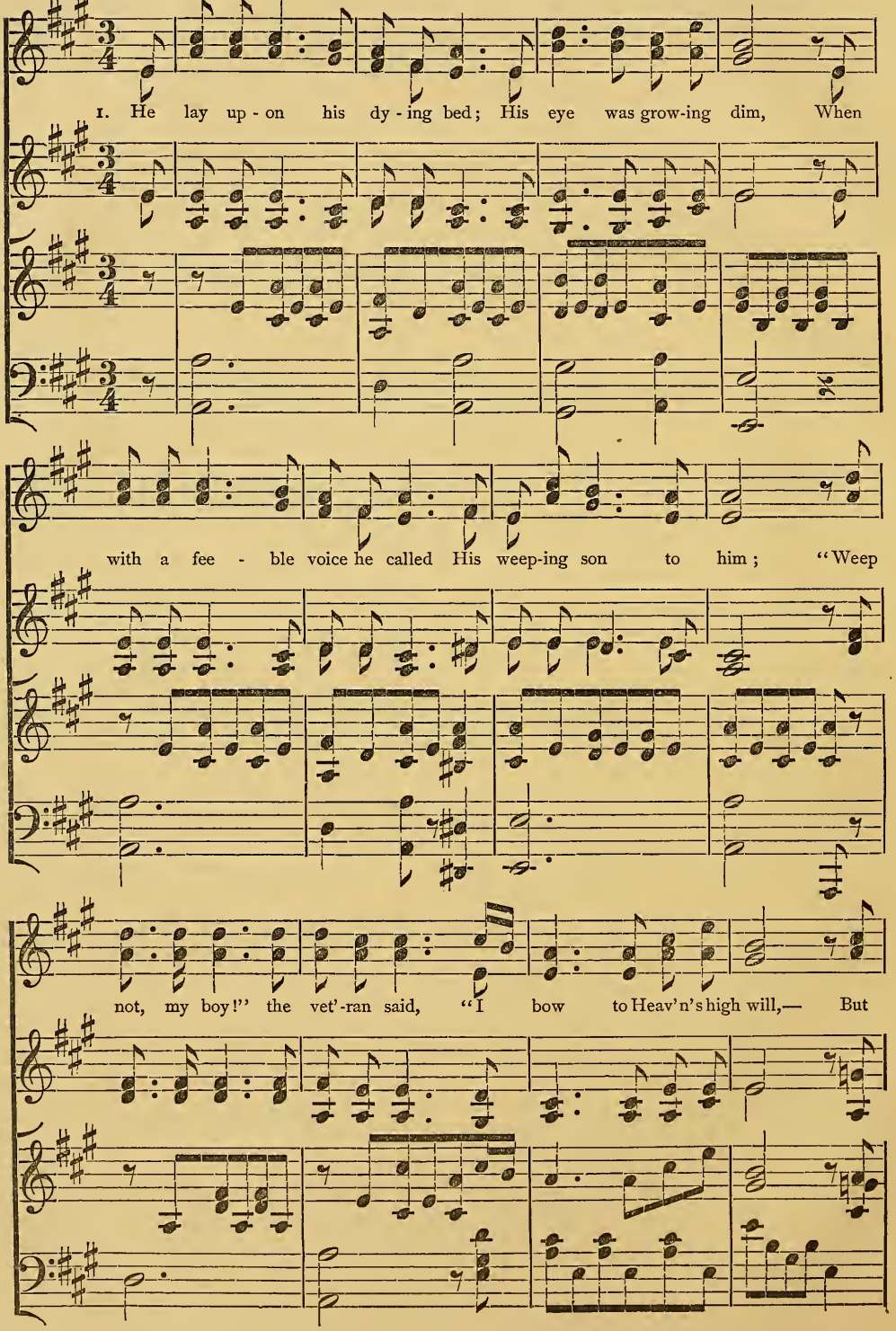

fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal- lant - ly stream- ing? And the rock- ets' red
steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con- ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch- es the
land, Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion, Then con-quer we
glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the stream;
must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot-to—"In God is our trust."

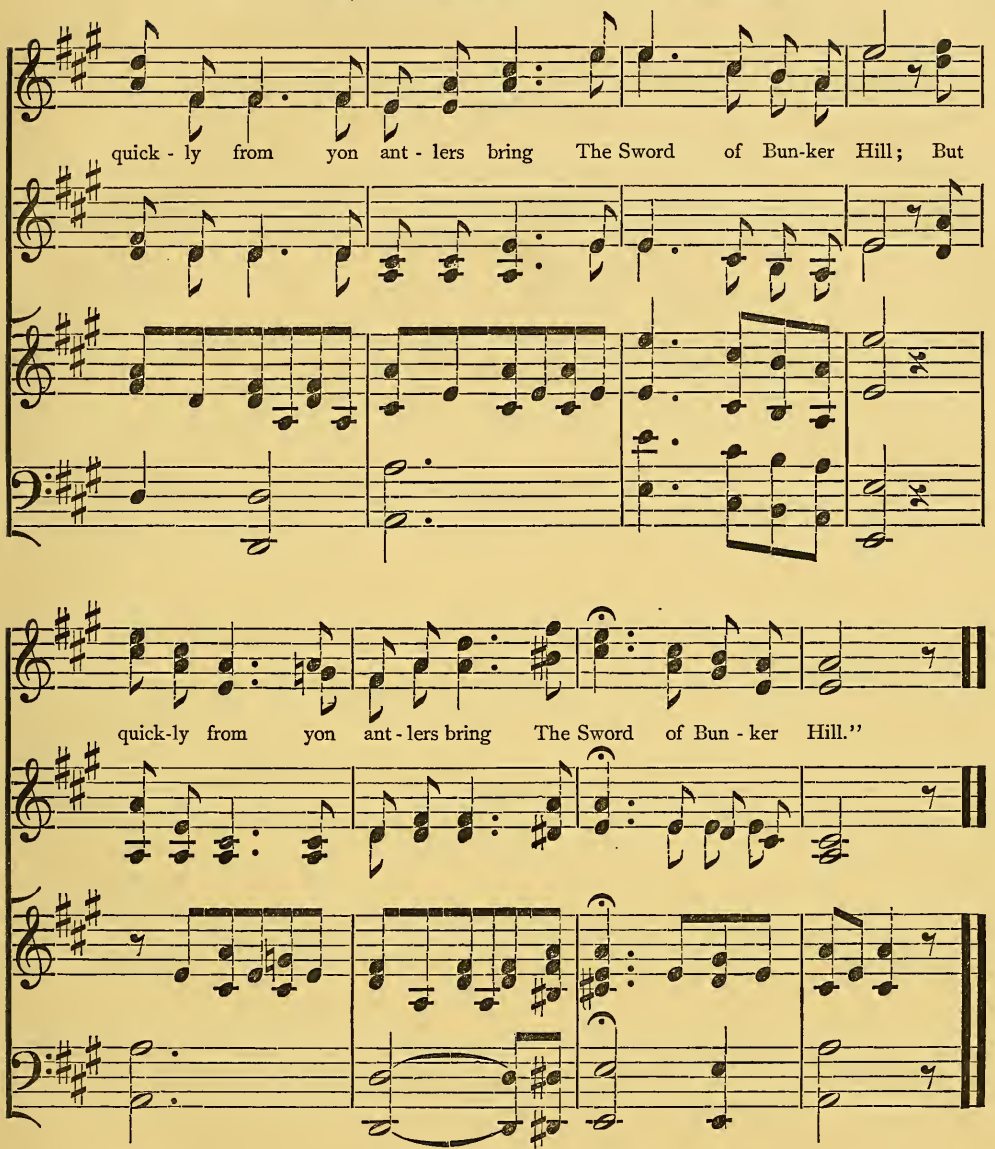


The music to which the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner" are sung, is an old English hunting-tune called "Anacreon in Heaven," and was composed by Samuel Arnold, born in Oxford, England, August 10, 1740; was composer for Covent Garden Theatre, organist to the King, and a musician of much ability. He died October 22, 1802. It was first used in this country to the words of the song, "Adams and Liberty." The present words were written by Francis Scott Key, who was born in Maryland, 1779, and died in Washington, D. C., 1843. He was detained on a British man-of-war, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, and on that occasion wrote the words. They were later read to the American soldiers by a member of a dramatic company playing in Baltimore, and created such enthusiasm that the reader, Ferdinand Duraney, set them to the music which he had known as "Adams and Liberty." The flag which inspired the words was, by consent of the government, given to the defeuder of the fort, General George Armistead. At his death he bequeathed it to his daughter, who was born in the fort during the bombardment, and who was the wife of W. Stuart Appleton of New York at the time of her father's death. She died in 1878, and the flag is now in the posession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE. BERNARD COVERT.





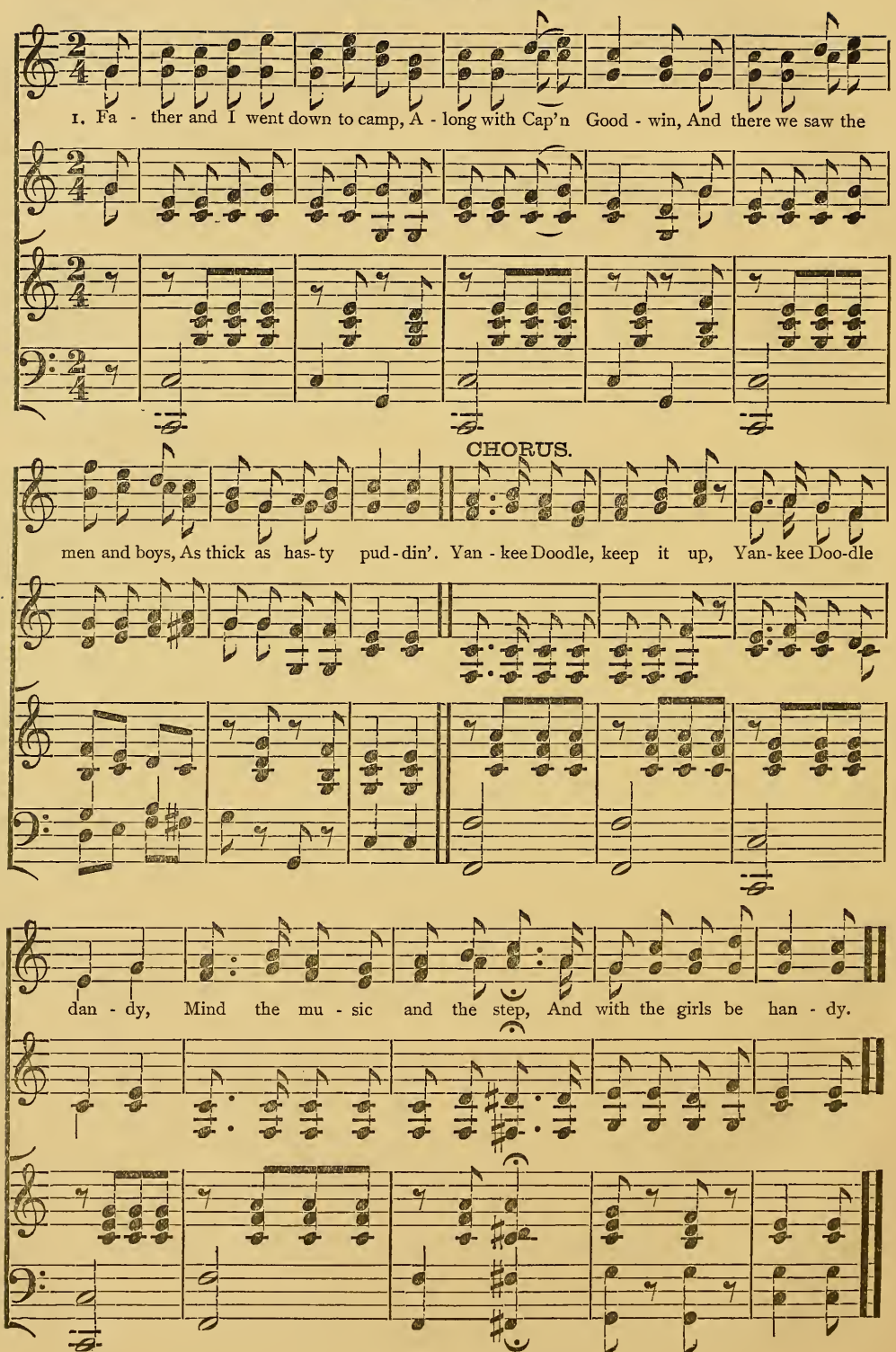
2 The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame;
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured WARREN'S name:
Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,—
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me now—
The Sword of Bunker Hill."

3 "'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band,
A captain raised this blade on me—
I tore it from his hand;
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened freedom's will—
For, boy, the God of freedom blessed
The Sword of Bunker Hill."

4 "Oh, keep the sword!"—his accents broke—
A smile—and he was dead—
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains; the sword remains—
Its glory growing still—
And twenty millions bless the sire,
And Sword of Bunker Hill.

The words of "The Sword of Bunker Hill" were written by William Ross Wallace, born in Kentucky 1819, the son of a Presbyterian minister. Although he finished a college course and studied law, he was so successful with poetry that he went to New York and devoted himself to literature. He is the author of several volumes of poetry.

YANKEE DOODLE.



2 And there we saw a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

3. The 'lasses they eat every day,
Would keep a house in winter;
They have so much that I'll be bound,
They eat when they're mindter.

4 And there I saw a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

5 And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

6 I went as nigh to one myself
As 'Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh agin,
I thought the deuce was in him.

7 Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so, I shrinked it off
And hung by father's pocket.

8 And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
He stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

9 And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason;
And every time they touched it off,
They scampered like the nation.

10 I saw a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little clubs,
And called the folks together.

11 And there was Cap'n Washington,
And gentle folks about him:
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em.

12 He got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a strapping stallion;
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

13 The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so taring fine, ah,
I wanted dreadfully to get
To give to my Jemima.

14 I saw another snarl of men
A-digging graves, they told me,
So 'tarnal long, so 'tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

15 It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

The tune of "Yankee Doodle" is of very uncertain origin, its authorship being claimed by several different nations. Most probably it originated in the south of France at an early period. Its first use in this country was in June, 1775, When Dr. Shamburg, a surgeon in the British army, under command of Abercrombie, while they were encamped a little south of Albany, in the east bank of the Hudson River, arranged it to words which were a satire on the raw recruits of the American army. Two sets of words are gven here as the song is one of the oldest and most widely known of all our patriotic songs.

The Dance. 1781.

This song written by an author who is now unknown, commemorating the campaign of Cornwallis in America, appeared soon after his surrender.

1 Cornwallis led a country dance,
The like was never seen, sir,
Much retrograde and much advance,
And all with General Greene, sir.

2 They rambled up and rambled down,
Joined hands, then off they run, sir,
Our General Greene to Charlestown,
The earl to Wilmington, sir.

3 Greene, in the South, they danced a set,
And got a mighty name, sir;
Cornwallis jigged with young Fayette,
But suffered in his fame, sir.

4 Then down he figured to the shore,
Most like a lordly dancer,
And on his courtly honor swore
He would no more advance, sir.

5 Qouth he, my guards are weary grown,
With footing country dances;
They never at St. James's shone
At capers, kicks or prances.

6 Though men so gallant ne'er were seen,
While sauntering on parade, sir;
Or wriggling o'er the park's smooth green,
Or at a masquerade, sir.

7 Yet are red heels and long-laced skirts,
For stumps and briars meet, sir?
Or stand their chance with hunting-shirts,
Or hardy veteran feet, sir.

8 Now housed in York he challenged all,
At minuet or all 'amande,
And lessons for a courtly ball,
His guards by day and night conn'd.

9 This challenge known, full soon they came,
A set who had the bon ton;
DeGrasse and Rochambeau, whose fame
Fut brillant pour un long tems.

10 And Washington, Columbia's son,
Whose easy nature taught, sir,
That grace which can't by pains be won,
Or Plutus' gold be bought, sir.

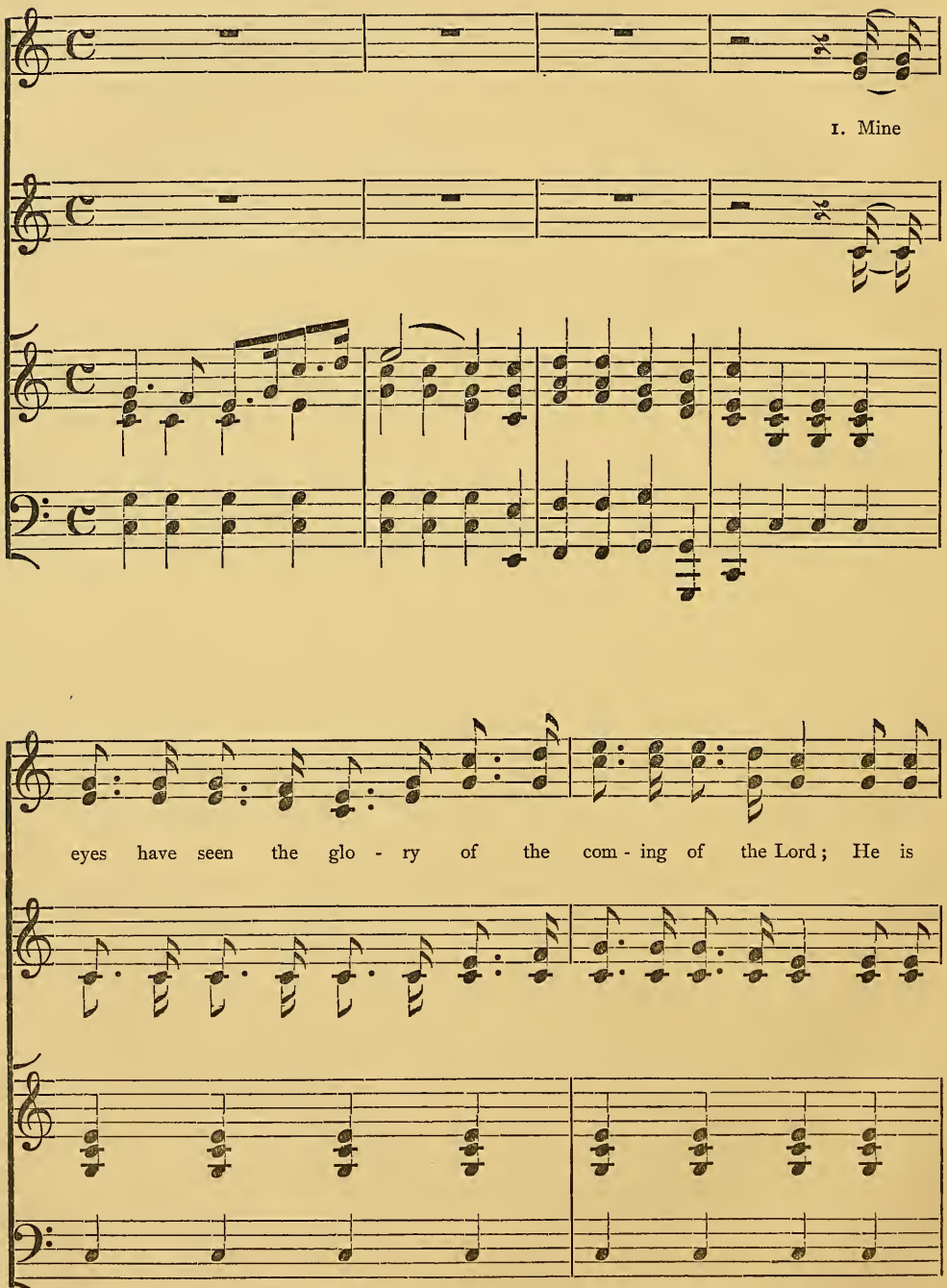
11 Now hand in hand they circle round,
This ever-dancing peer, sir,
Their gentle movements soon confound
The earl, as they draw near, sir.

12 His music soon forgets to play,
His feet can no more move, sir;
And all his bands now curse the day
They jigged to our shore, sir.

13 Now Tories all, what can ye say?
Come,—is this not a griper,
That while our hopes are danced away
'Tis you must pay the piper.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC. No. 1.

JULIA WARD HOWE.



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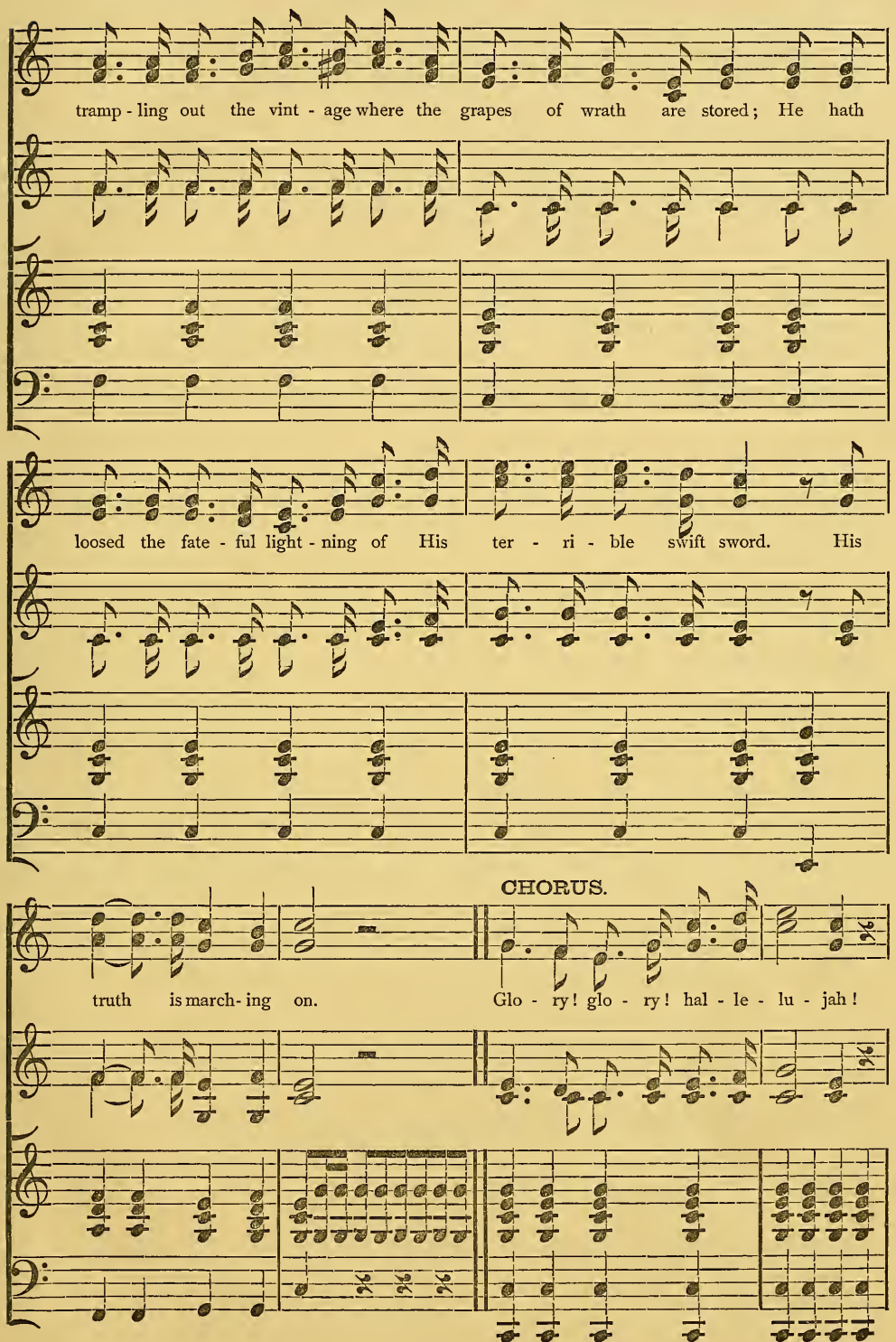
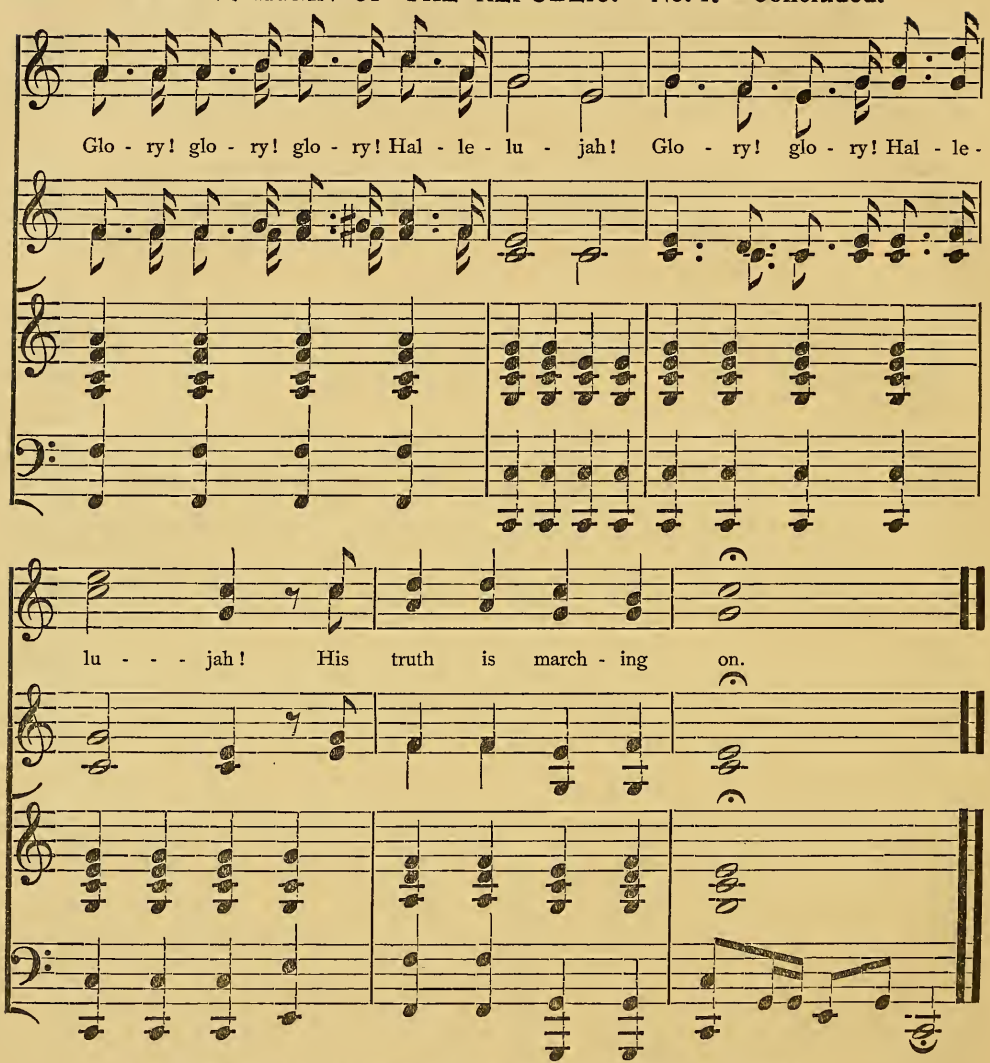

tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword. His
CHORUS.
truth is march- ing on.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah!

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC. No. 1.—Concluded.



2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

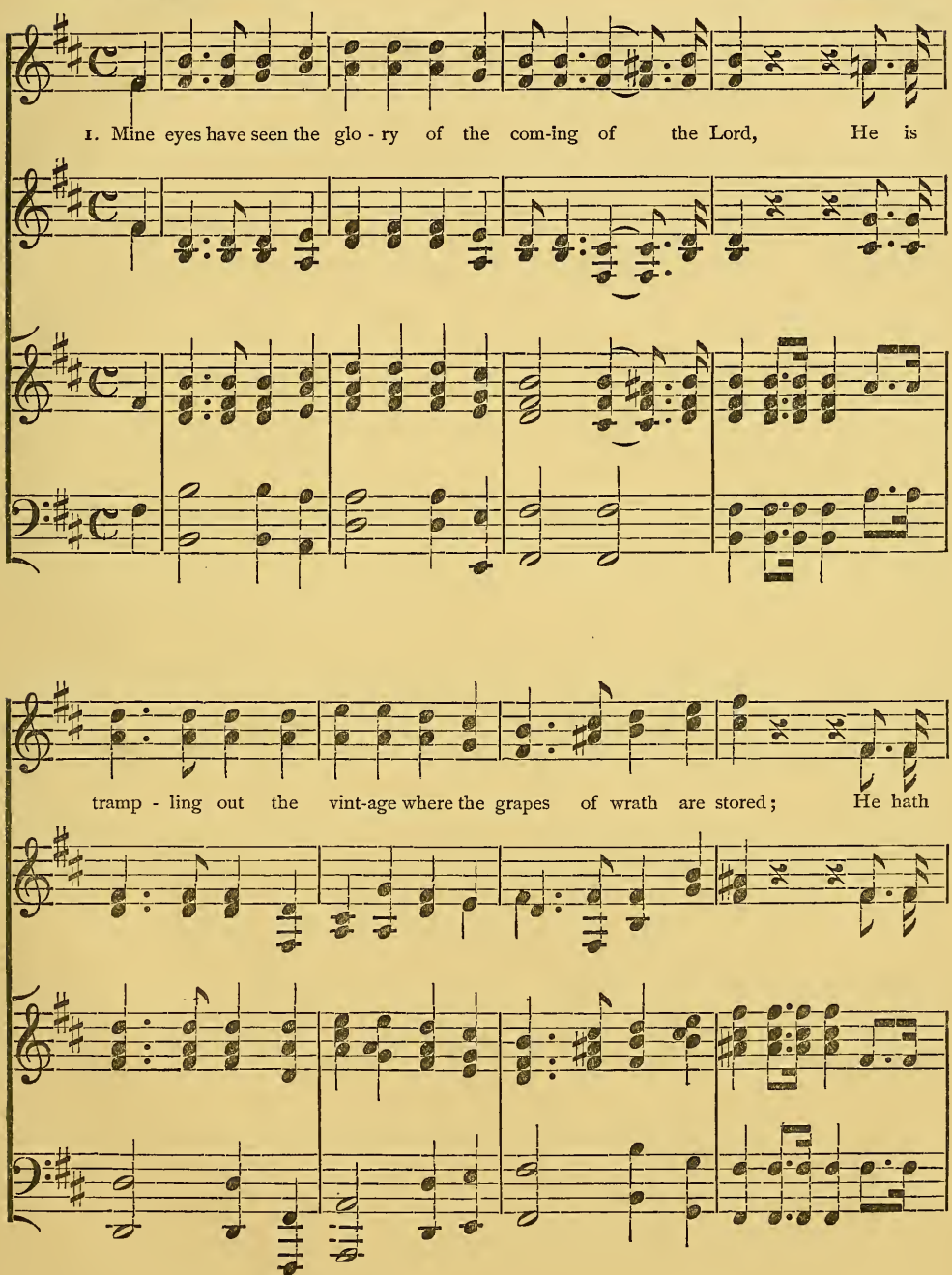
5 In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

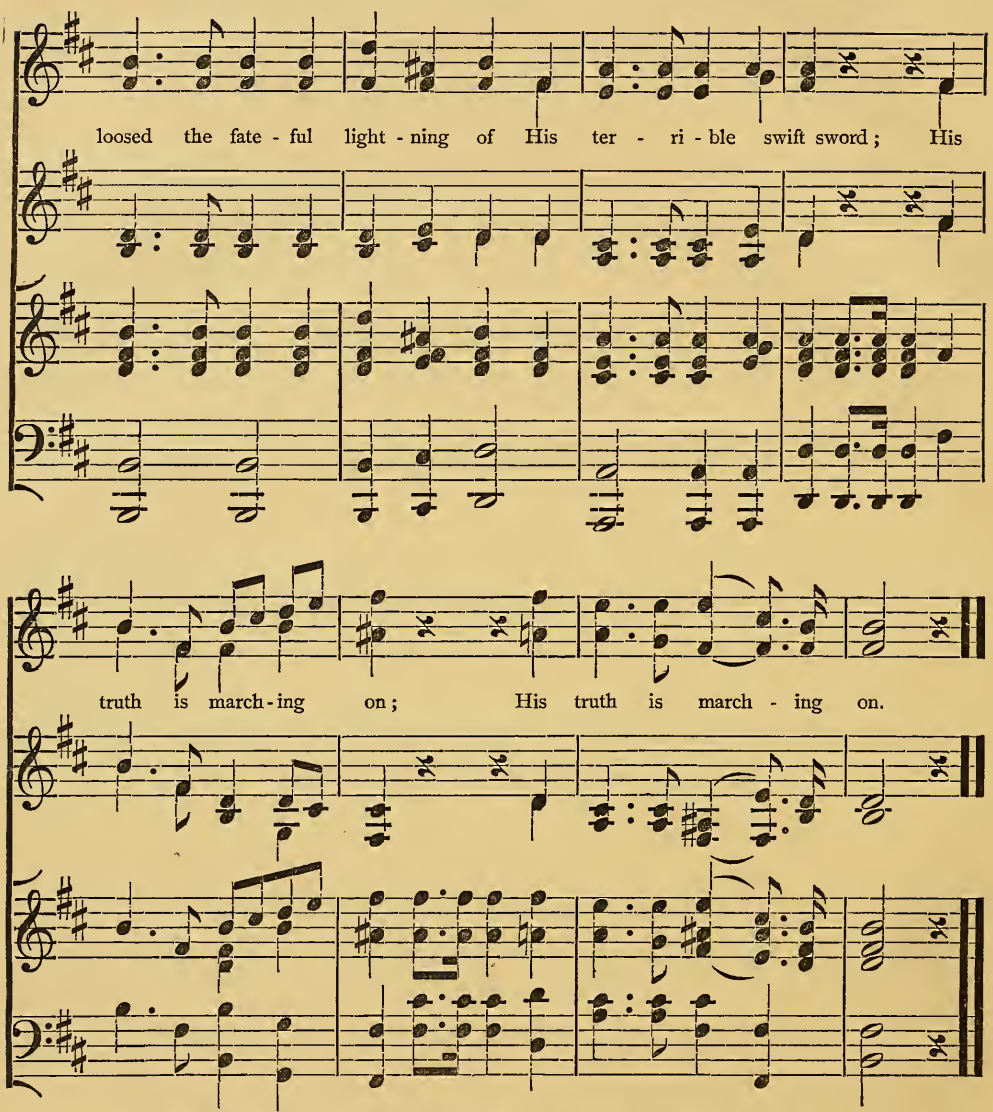
The author of the "Battle-Hymn of the Republic" was Julia, daughter of Samuel Ward, merchant and banker of New York City. She was born May 27, 1819, and in 1843 was married to Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe. In the Autumn of 1861, while she was stopping at Willard's Hotel in Washington, D. C., she was so much stirred at the sight of a procession of troops passing down Pennsylvania Avenue that this poem came to her as an inspiration. It was first published in the Atlantic Monthly in 1862. The authorship of the music is entirely unknown, but it was earlier entitled "Glory, Hallelujah."

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC. No. 2.

Composed for Clarke's School Visitor, and published in the Christian Banner, 1862.

JULIA WARD HOWE. D. C. HOLMES.





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His day is marching on.

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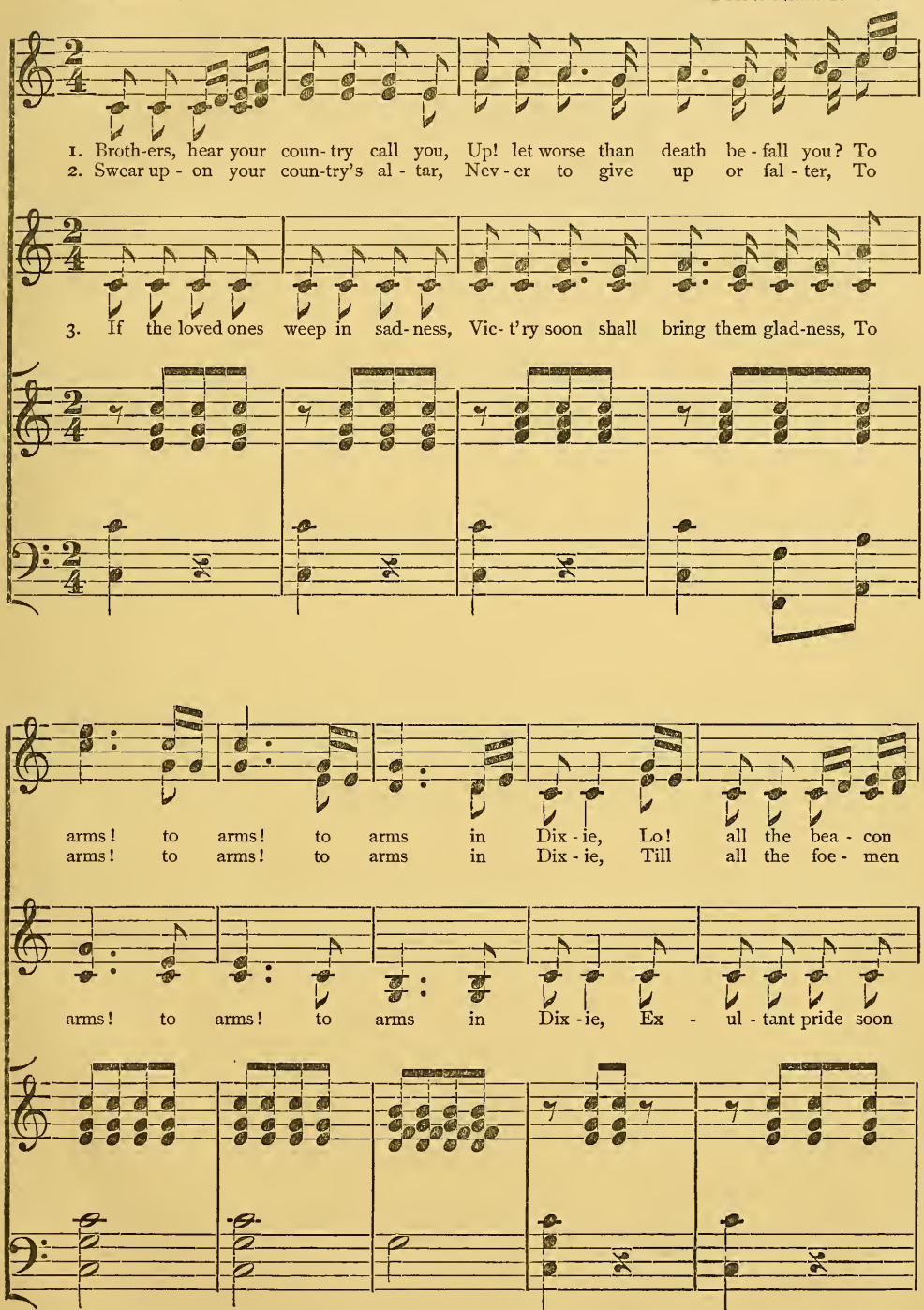
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

5 In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

DIXIE.

Gen. ALBERT PIKE. DAN. EMMETT.



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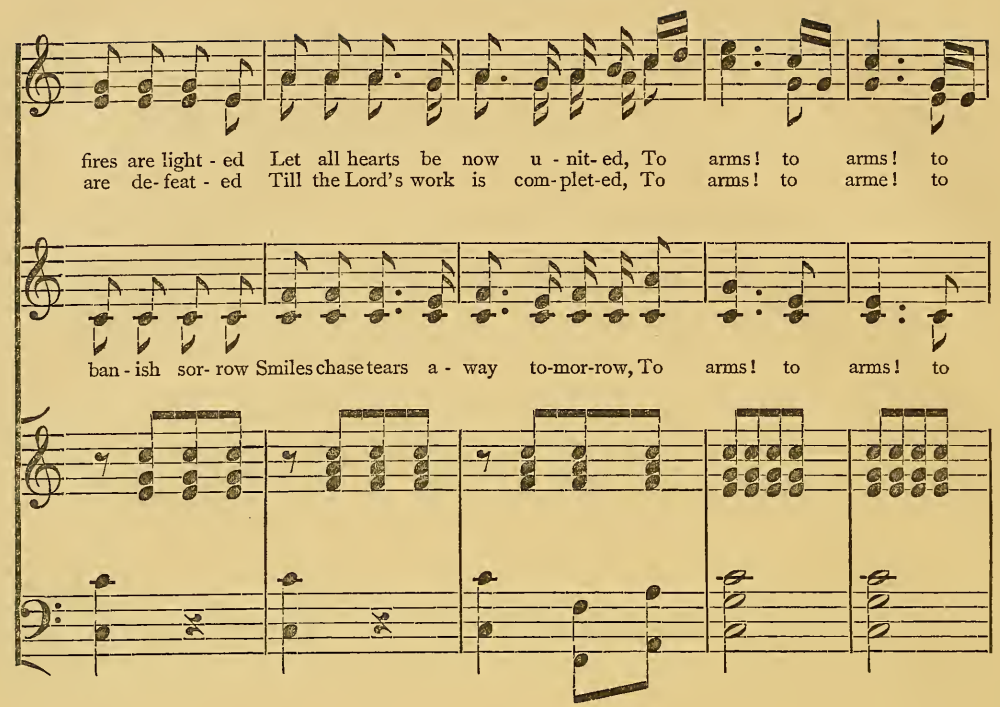
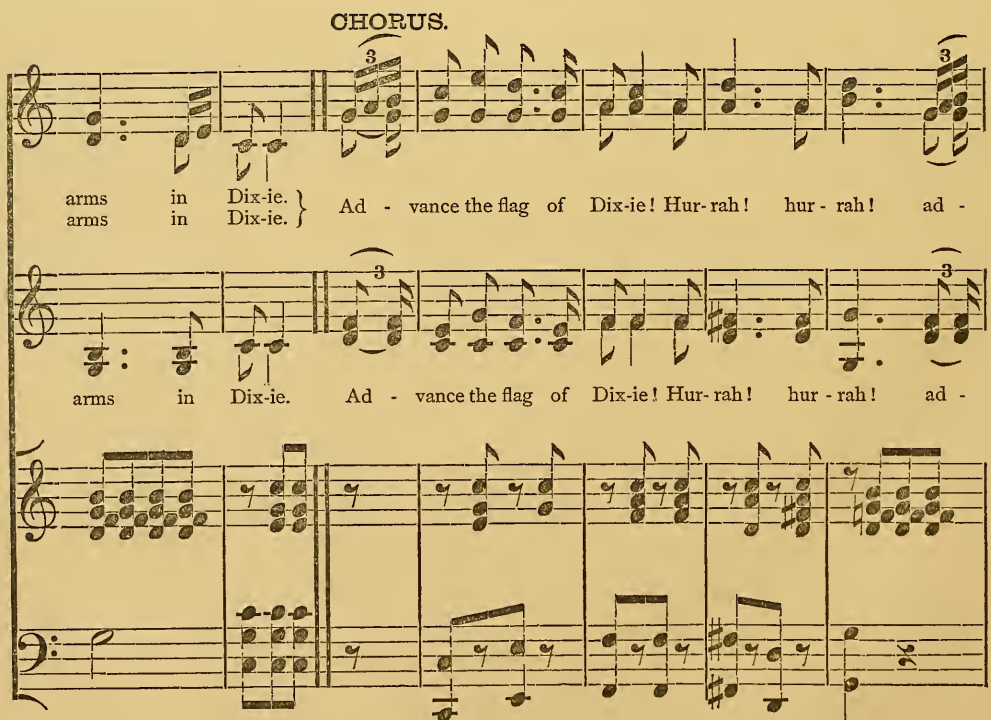
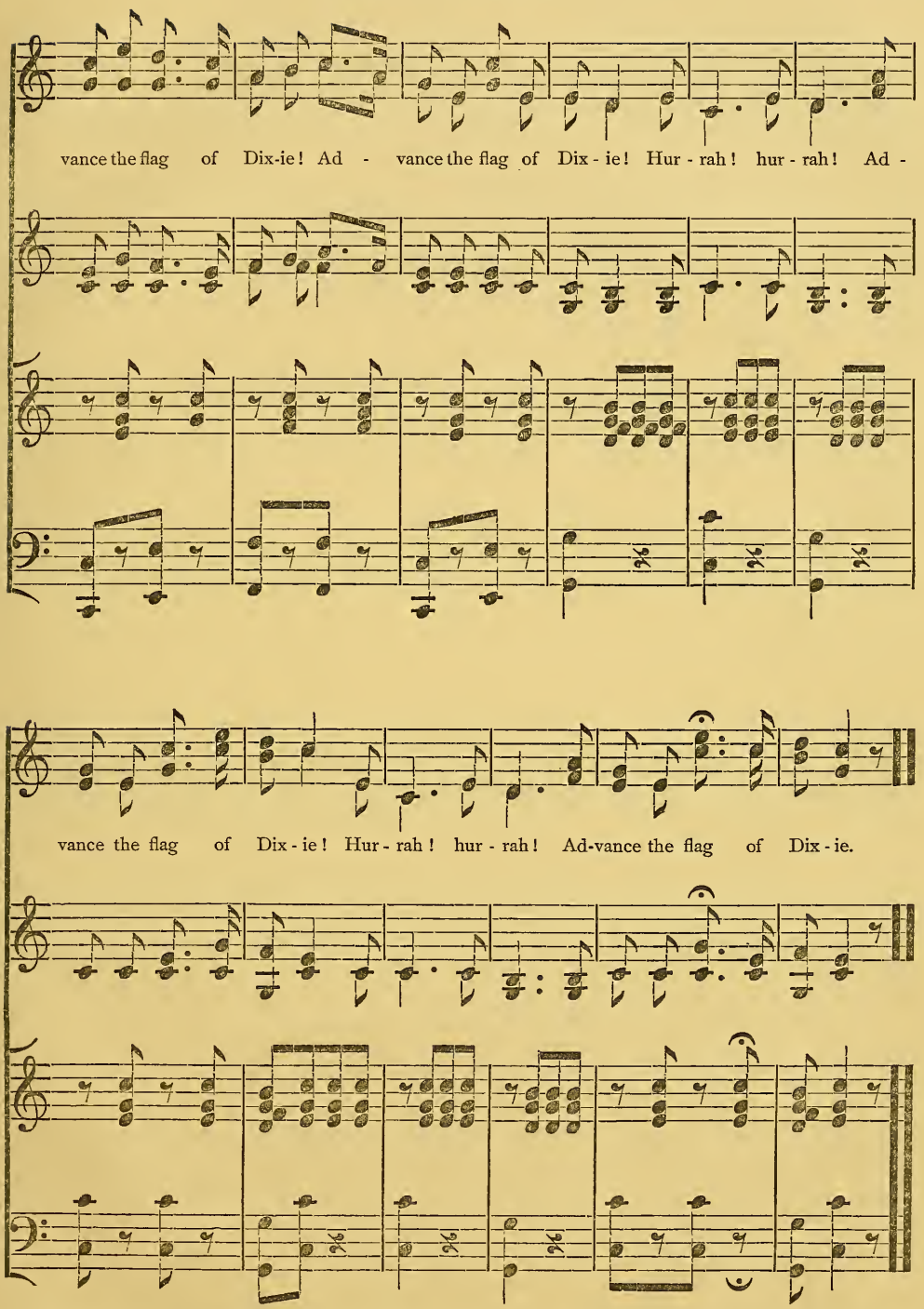

fires are light - ed Let all hearts be now u - nit- ed, To arms! to arms! to
are de- feat - ed Till the Lord's work is com- plet-ed, To arms! to arme! to
ban - ish sor- row Smiles chase tears a - way to-mor-row, To arms! to arms! to

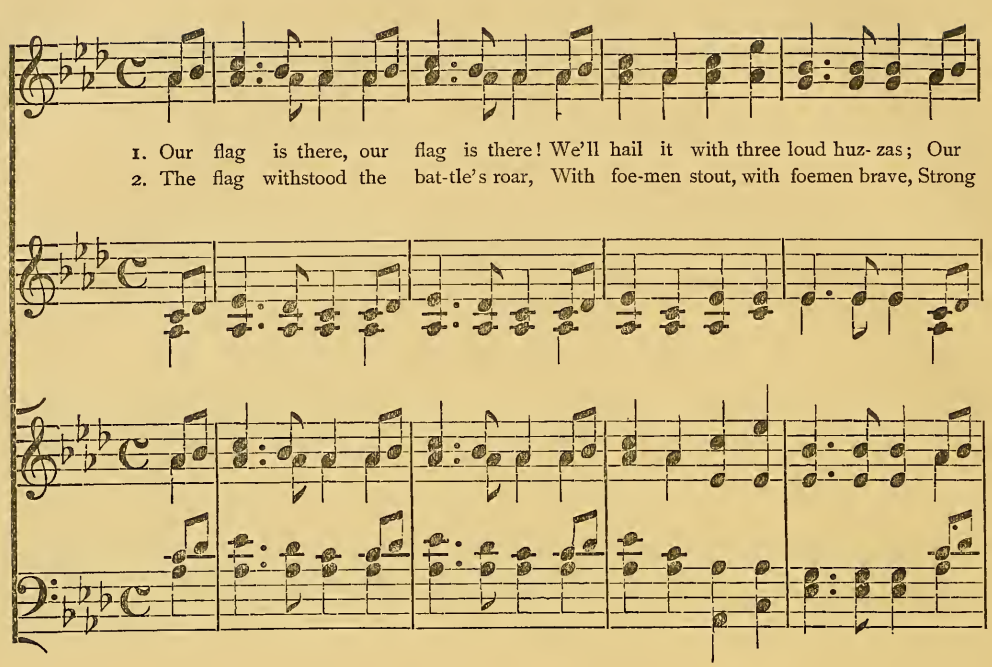
CHORUS.

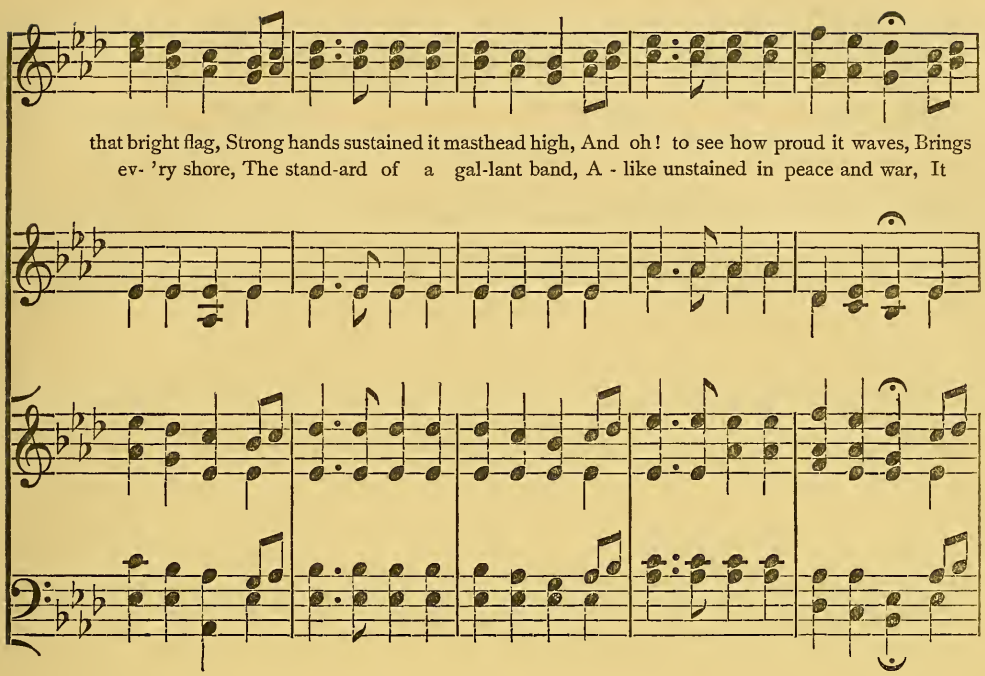

arms in Dix-ie.
arms in Dix-ie.
Ad - vance the flag of Dix-ie! Hur- rah! hur - rah! ad -
arms in Dix-ie.
Ad - vance the flag of Dix-ie! Hur- rah! hur - rah! ad -



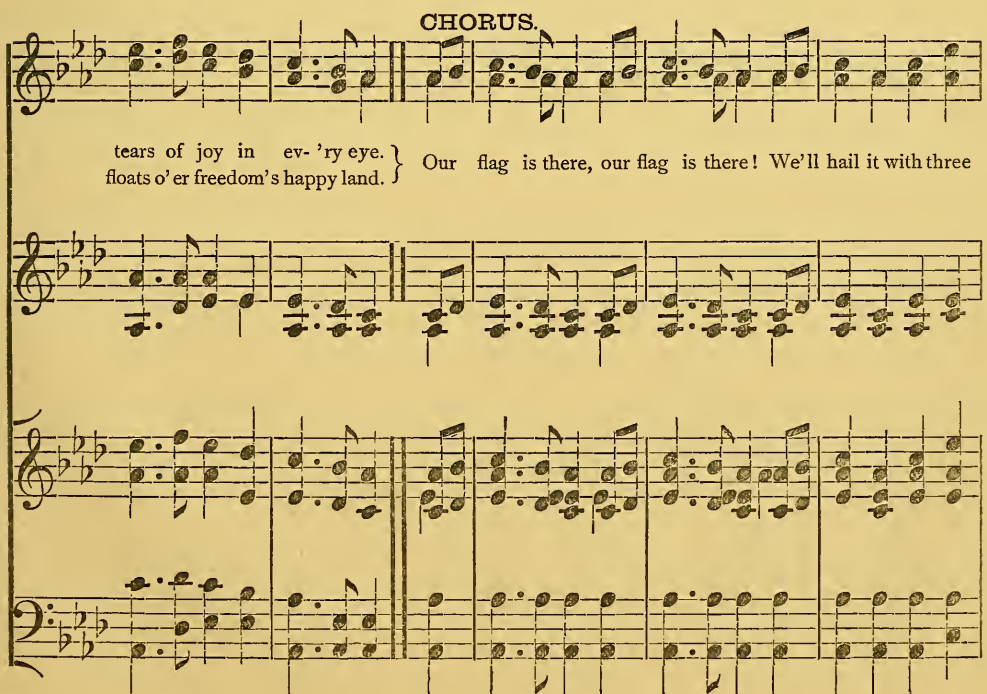
Several poems have been written to the tune of "Dixie," but the one given here, believed to be the original, was written by General Albert Pike, of the Confederate army. He was born in Boston in 1809, and graduated at Harvard. On the breaking out of the civil war he gathered a force of Cherokee Indians, and fought at their head at the battle of Pea Ridge.

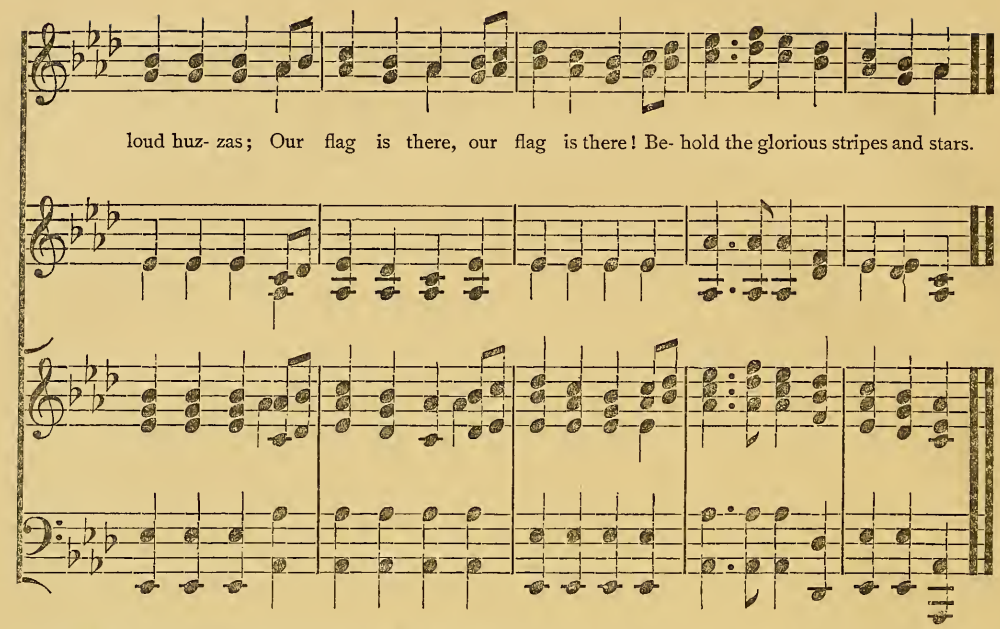
OUR FLAG IS THERE.




that bright flag, Strong hands sustained it masthead high, And oh! to see how proud it waves, Brings
ev- 'ry shore, The stand-ard of a gal-lant band, A - like unstained in peace and war, It

CHORUS.

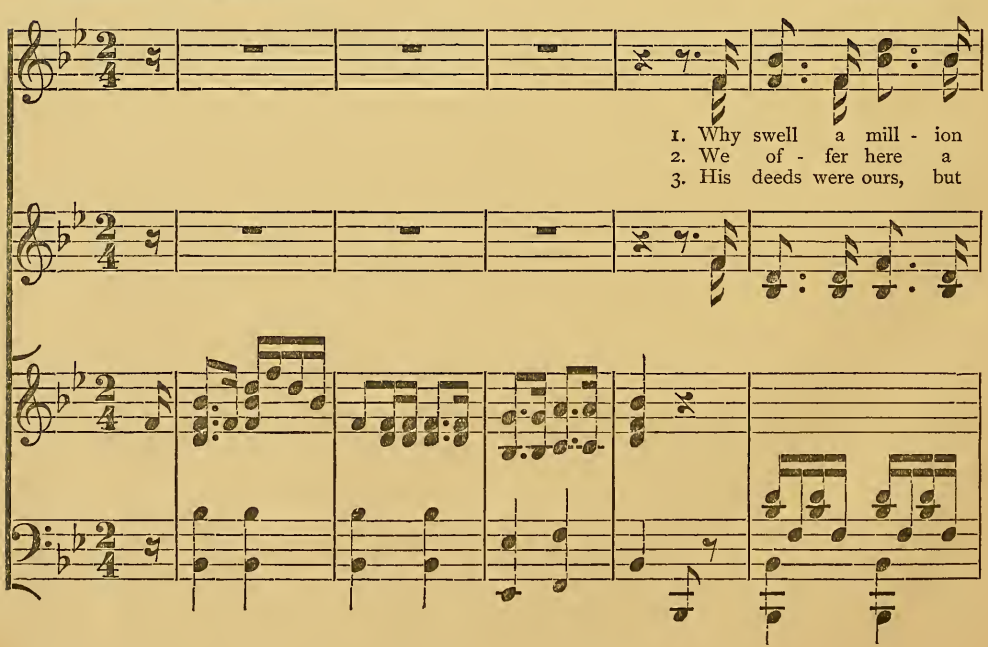

tears of joy in ev- 'ry eye.
floats o'er freedom's happy land.
Our flag is there, our flag is there! We'll hail it with three

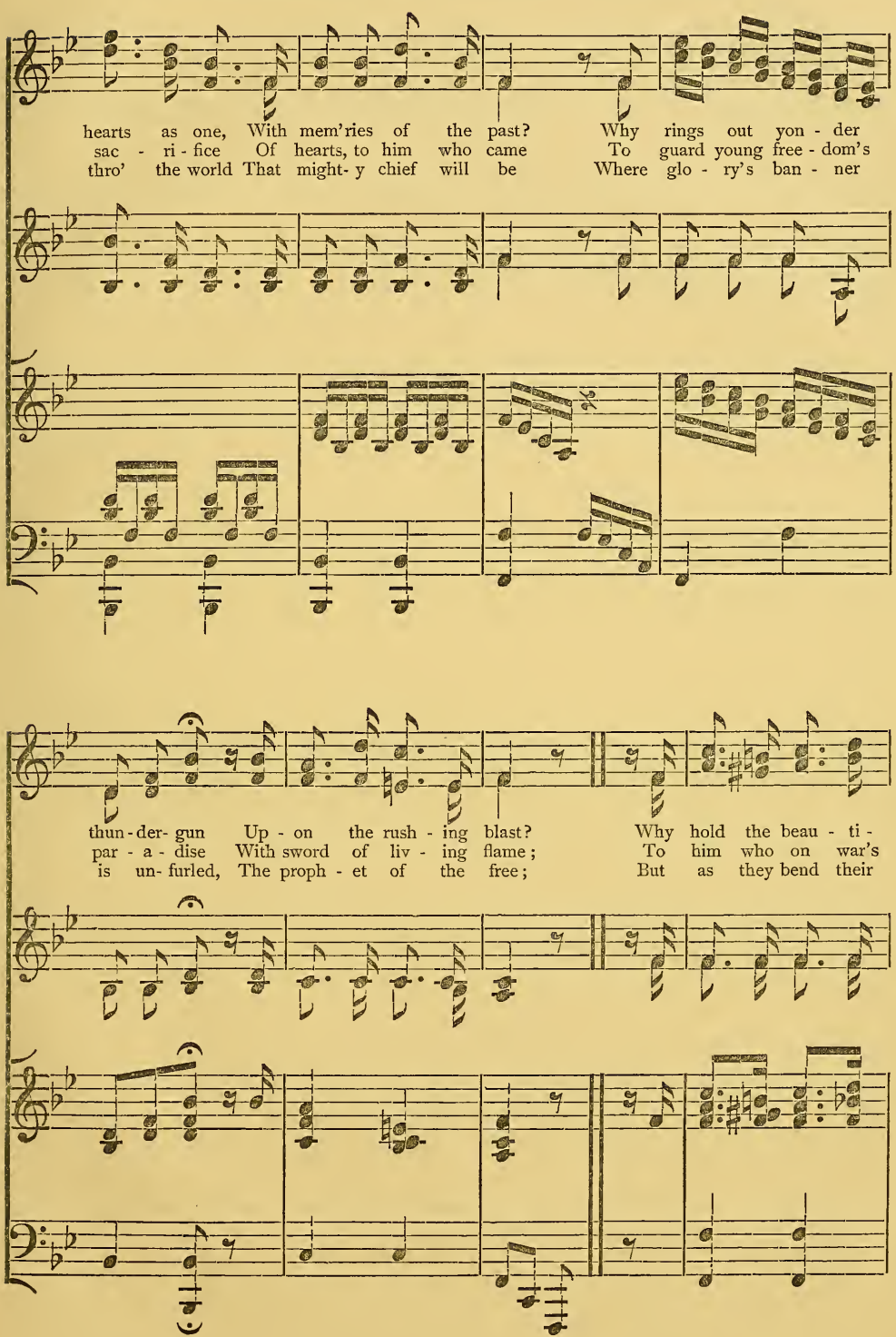


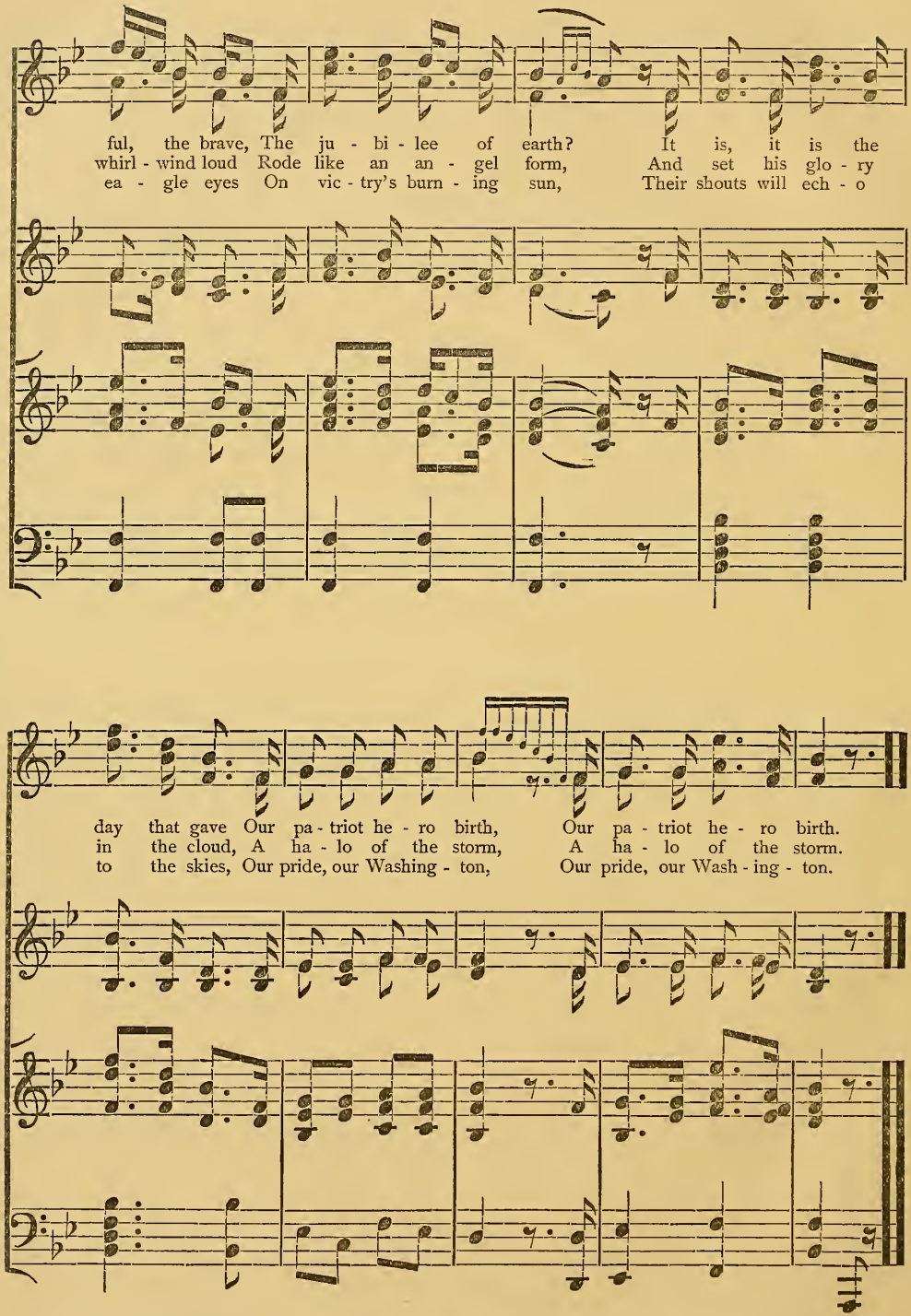
An officer of the American Navy wrote "Our Flag is There," during the war of 1812. It attained a very wide popularity and has always been a favorite in the U. S. Navy down to the present time.

THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE. MIXON.

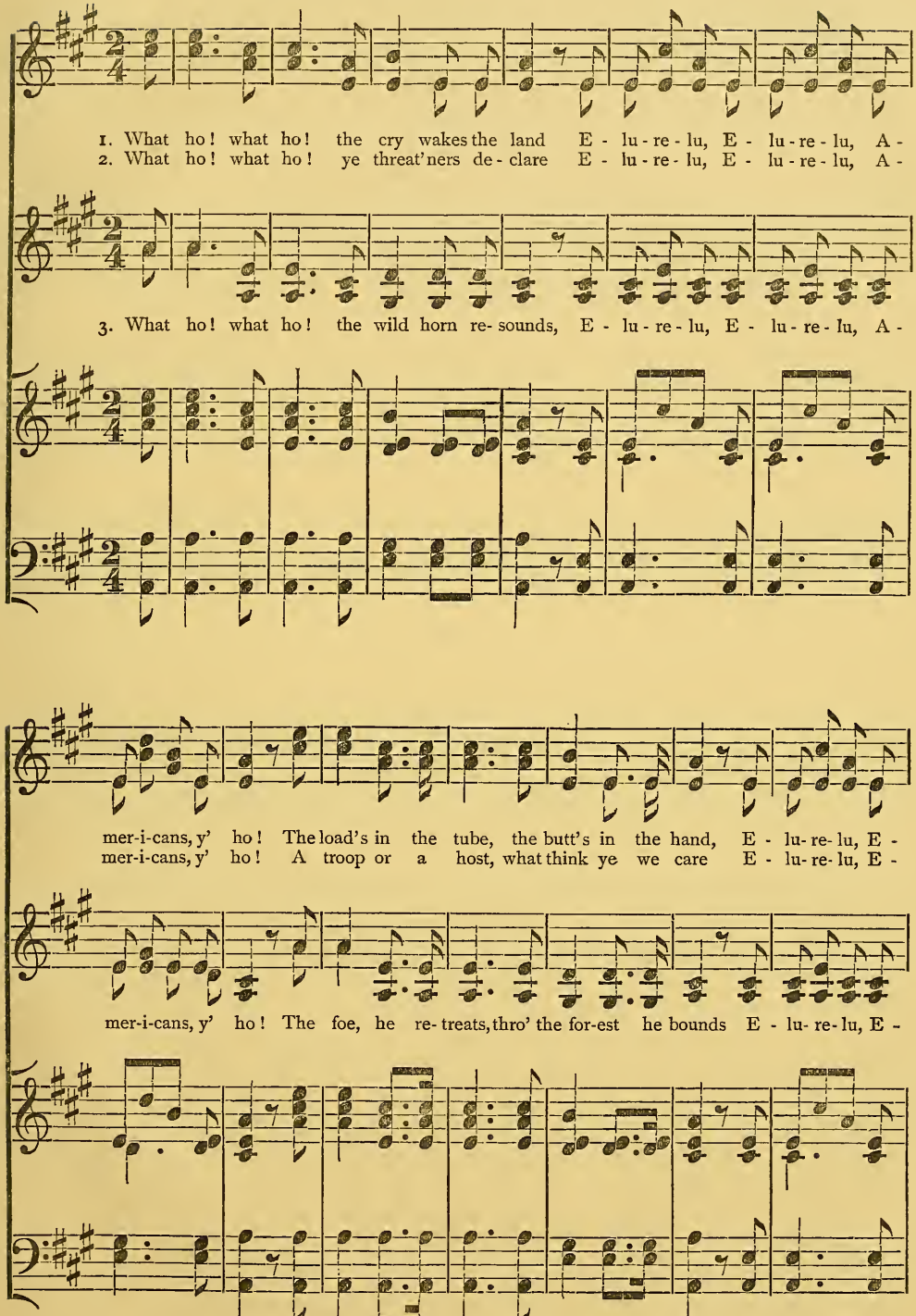


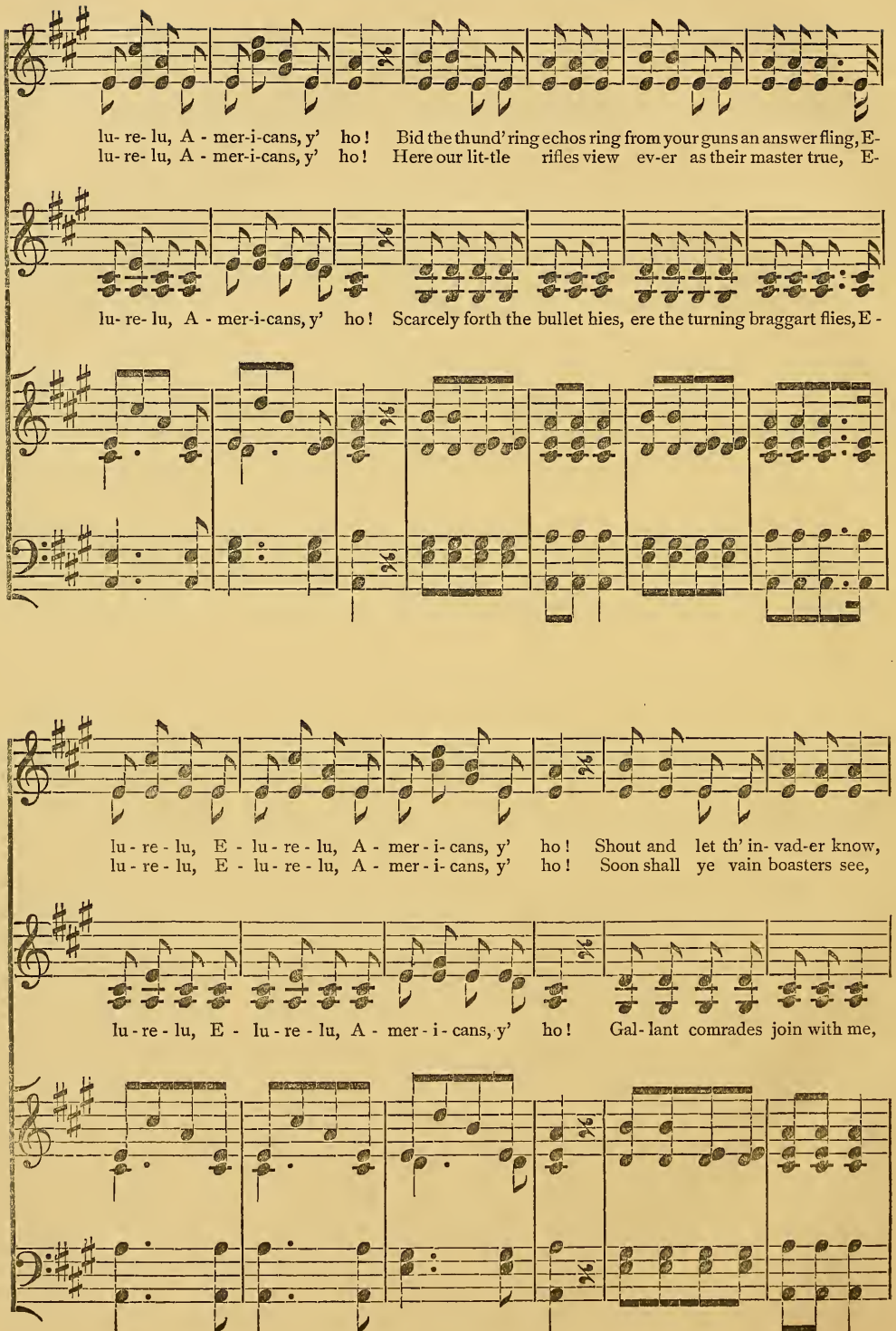

hearts as one, With mem'ries of the past? Why rings out yon - der
sac - ri - fice Of hearts, to him who came To guard young free - dom's
thro' the world That might- y chief will be Where glo - ry's ban - ner
thun - der- gun Up - on the rush - ing blast? Why hold the beau - ti -
par - a - dise With sword of liv - ing flame; To him who on war's
is un- furled, The proph - et of the free; But as they bend their

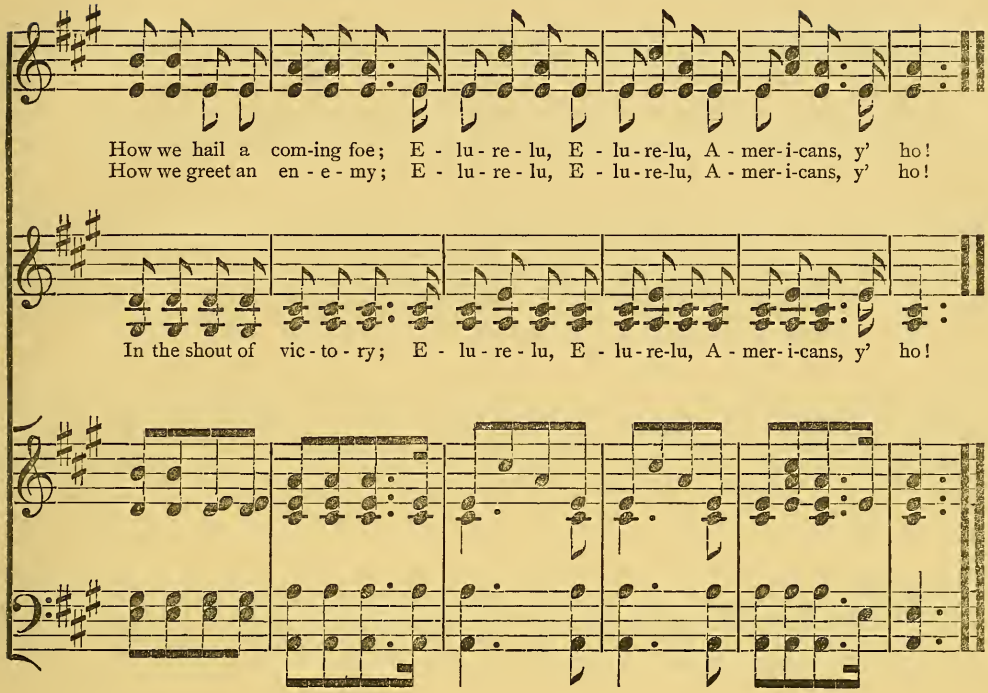


The words of this song were written by George D. Prentice of Louisville, Kentucky, and the music by Mr. Mixon of Cincinnati, Ohio. It was first published in the "New York Mirror," May, 1835.

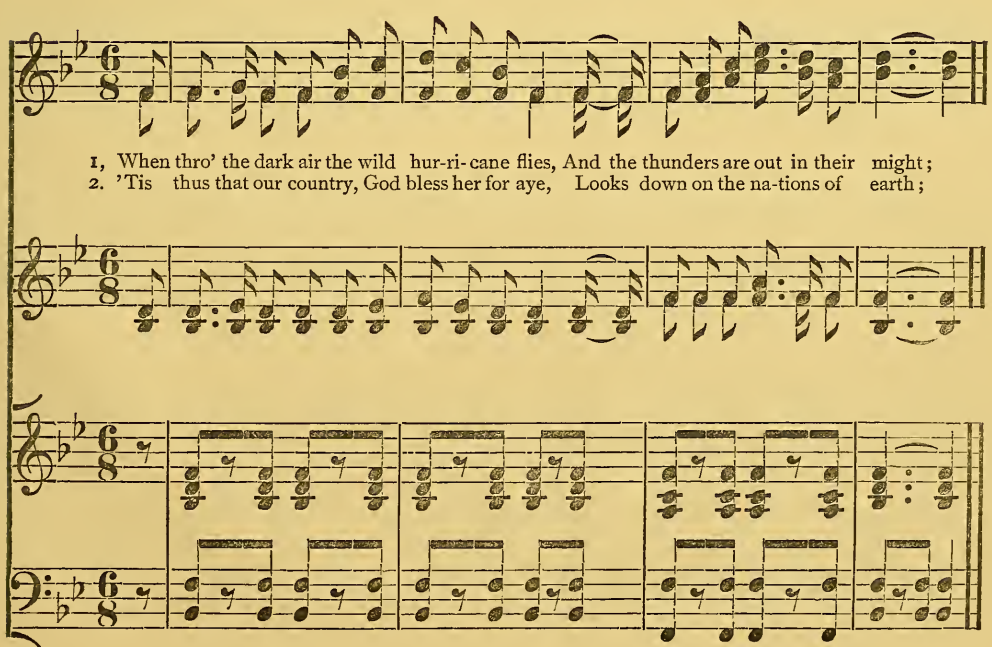
AMERICAN WAR SONG.

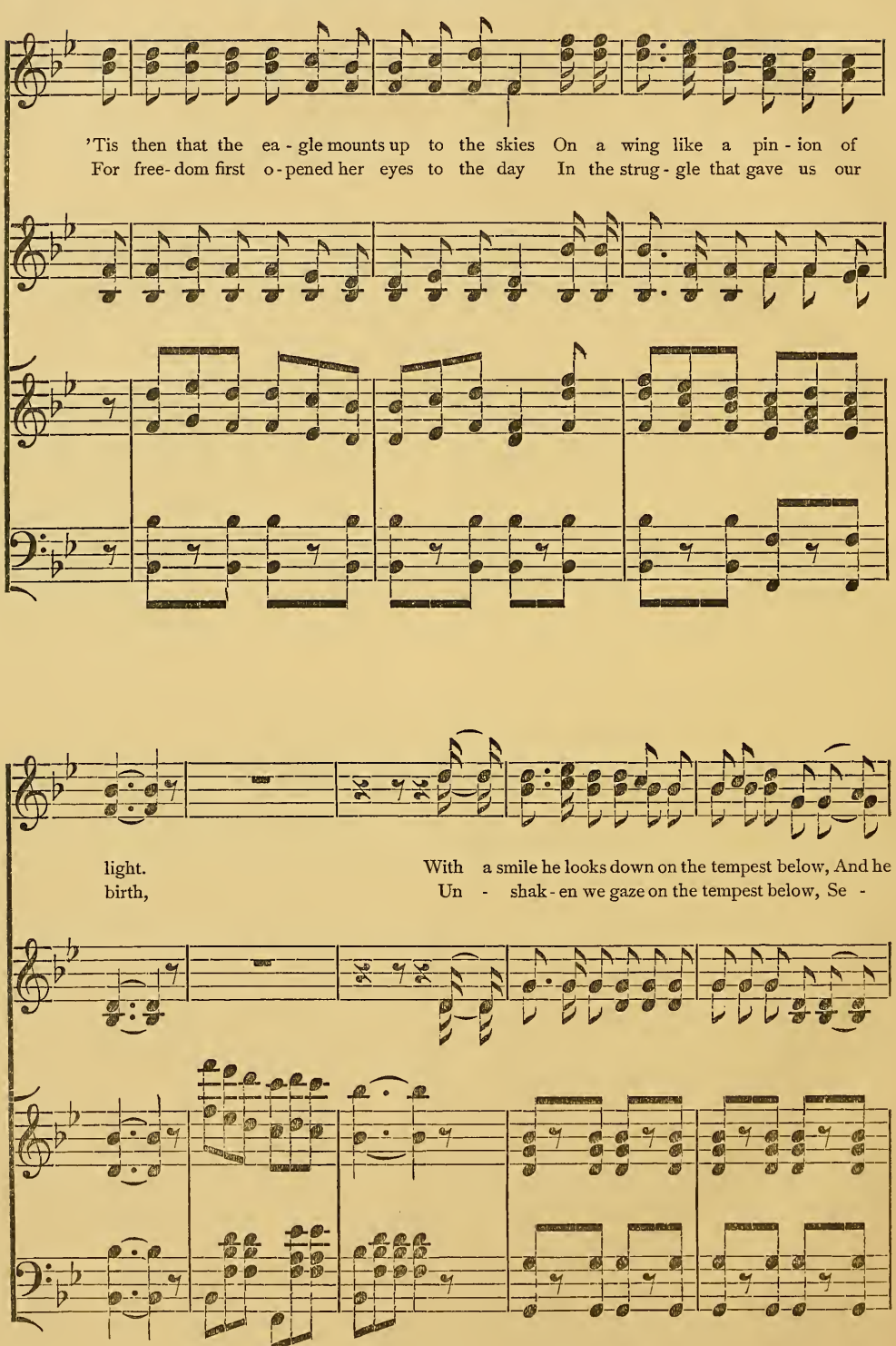


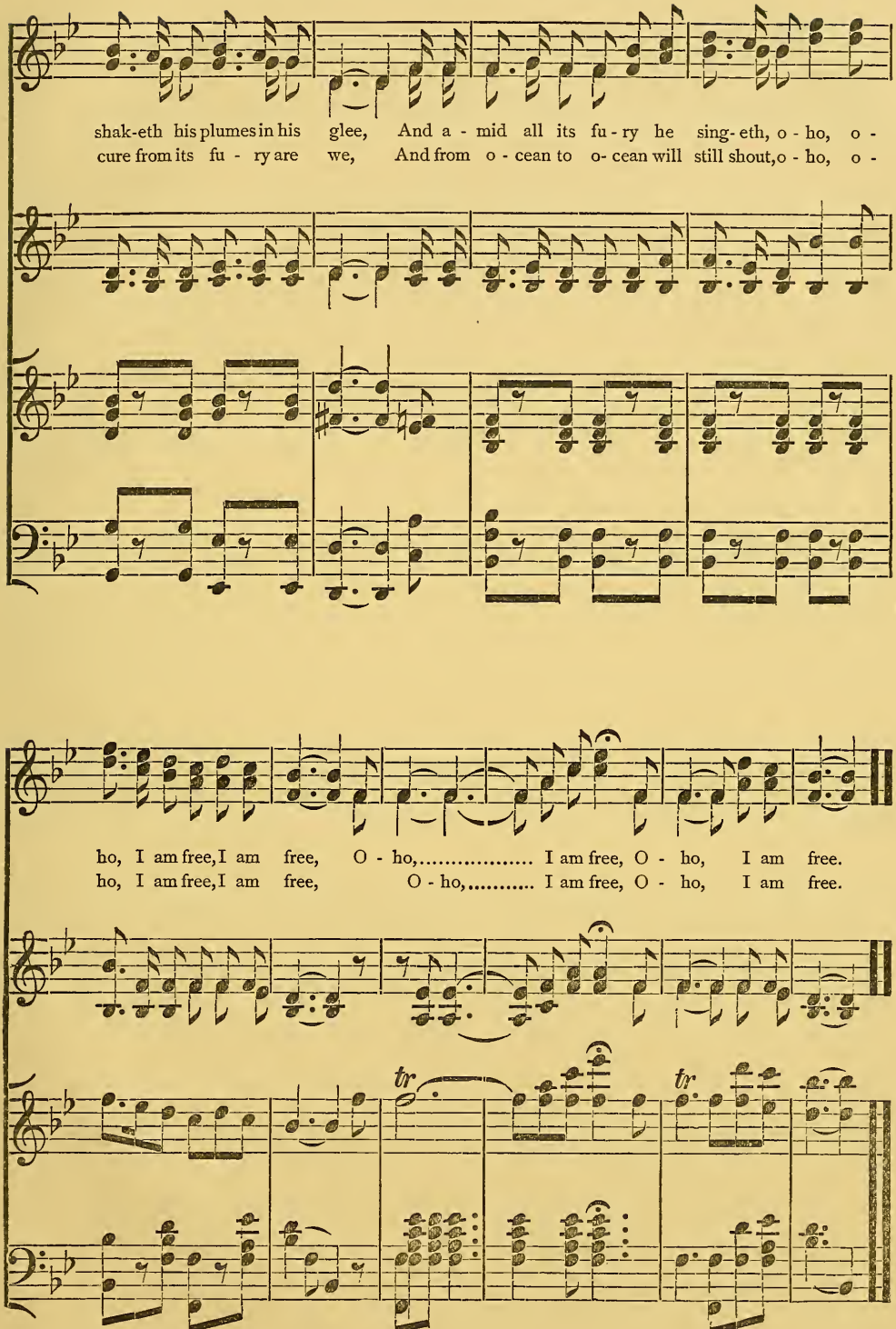

lu- re- lu, A - mer-i-cans, y' ho! Bid the thund' ring echos ring from your guns an answer fling, E-
lu- re- lu, A - mer-i-cans, y' ho! Here our lit-tle rifles view ev-er as their master true, E-
lu- re- lu, A - mer-i-cans, y' ho! Scarcely forth the bullet hies, ere the turning braggart flies, E -
lu - re - lu, E - lu - re - lu, A - mer - i - cans, y' ho! Shout and let th' in- vad-er know,
lu - re - lu, E - lu - re - lu, A - mer - i - cans, y' ho! Soon shall ye vain boasters see,
lu - re - lu, E - lu - re - lu, A - mer - i - cans, y' ho! Gal- lant comrades join with me,



SONG OF FREEDOM.

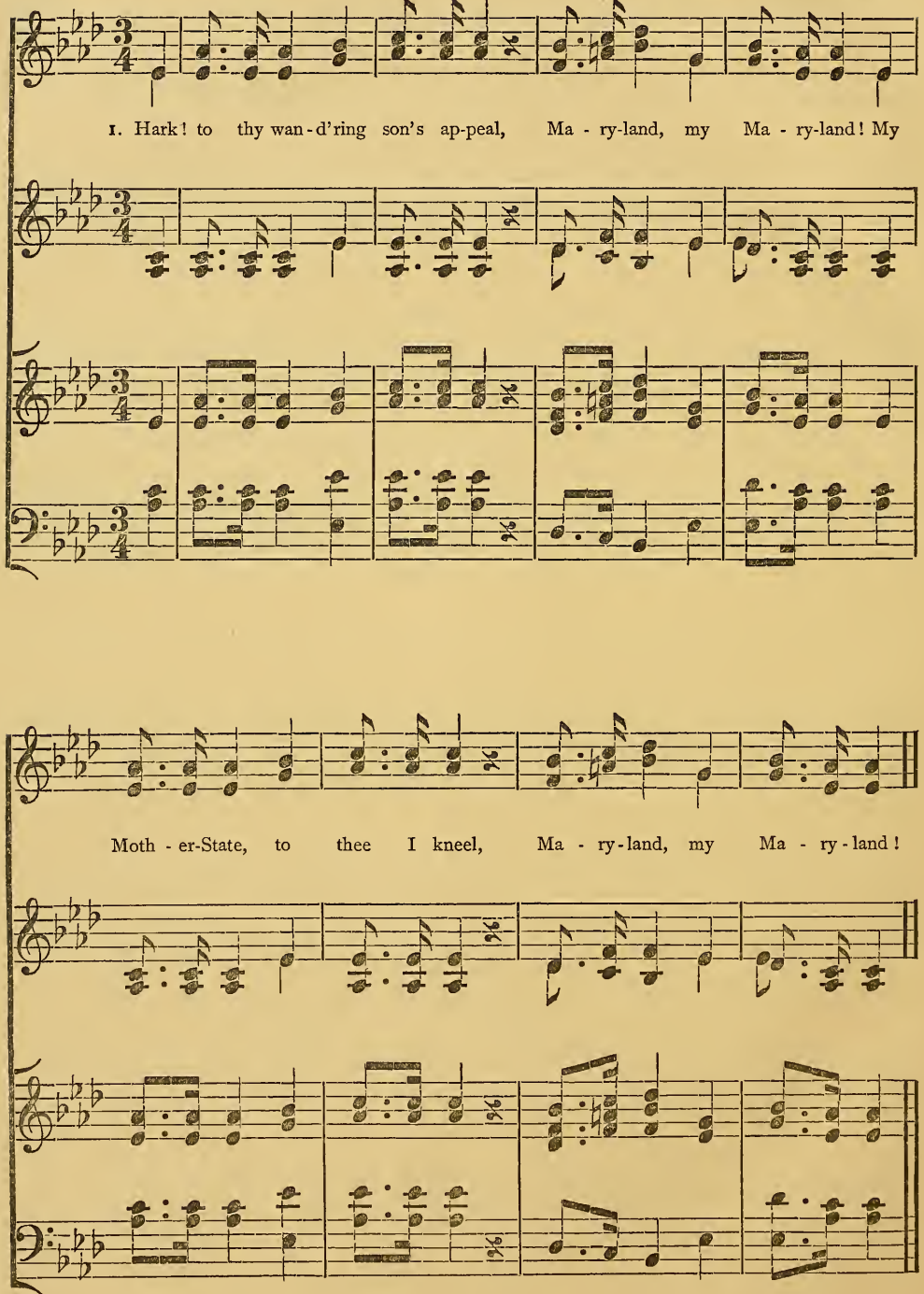


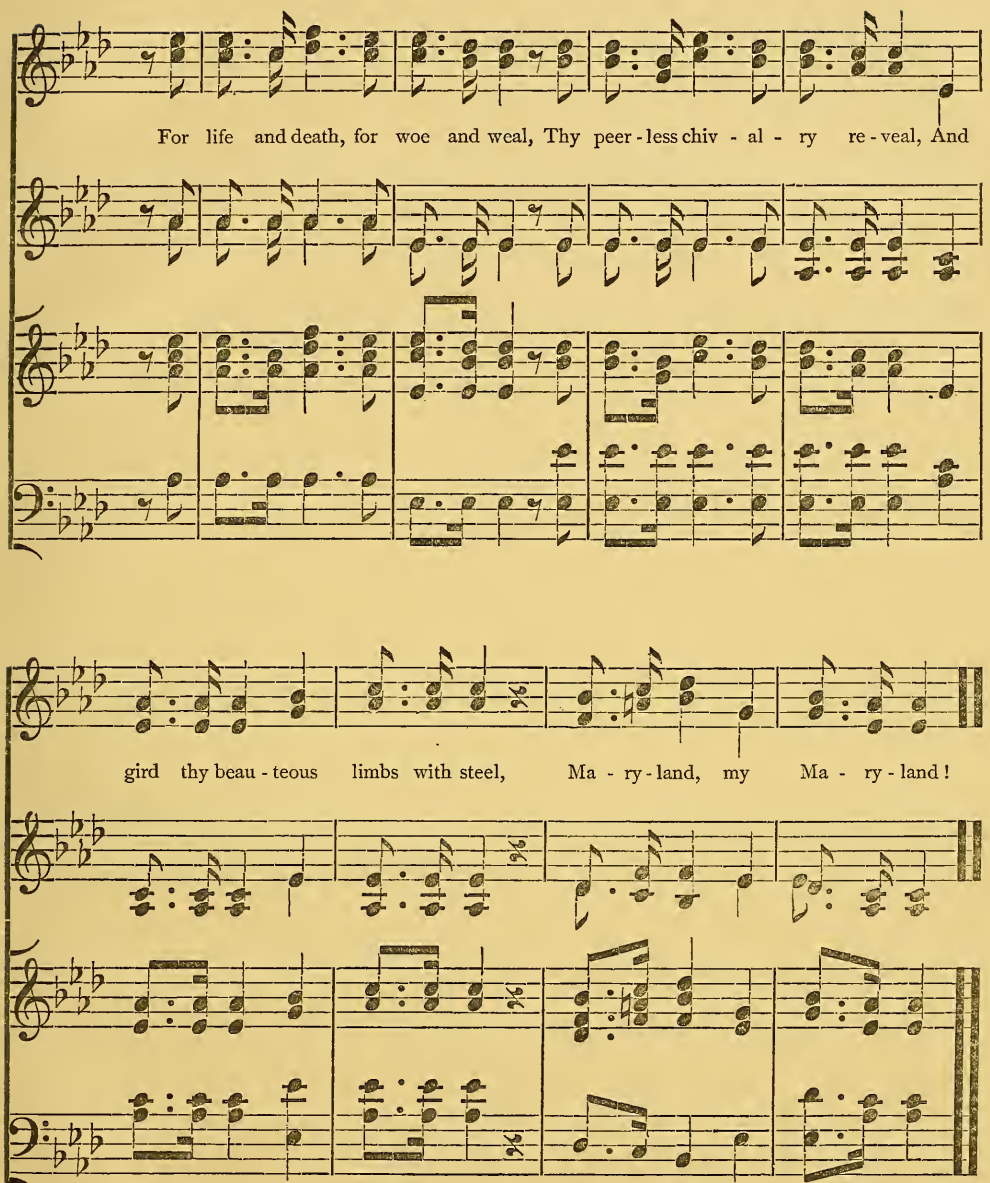

'Tis then that the ea - gle mounts up to the skies On a wing like a pin - ion of
For free - dom first o - pened her eyes to the day In the strug - gle that gave us our
light.
birth,
With a smile he looks down on the tempest below, And he
Un - shak - en we gaze on the tempest below, Se -


shak-eth his plumes in his glee, And a - mid all its fu - ry he sing- eth, o - ho, o -
cure from its fu - ry are we, And from o - cean to o- cean will still shout, o - ho, o -
ho, I am free, I am free, O - ho,..... I am free, O - ho, I am free.
ho, I am free, I am free, O - ho,..... I am free, O - ho, I am free.
tr
tr

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!

JAMES RYDER RANDALL. German Folk-Song.





2 Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

3 Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And give a new key to thy song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

The words of Maryland, my Maryland! were written by James Ryder Randall, who was born in Baltimore in 1839, and received a part of his college education at Georgetown, D. C. A year or two before the beginning of the civil war he went to New Orleans and contributed articles to The Daily Delta, at the same time occupying the chair of English literature in a college at Pointe Coupée, about one hundred miles from New Orleans. While at the college, in April, 1861, he wrote this poem, which became afterwards a national war song in the South. The music is an old German Folk-Song entitled, "O, Tannenbaum."